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### RETROSPECT OF THE EFFORTS AND PROGRESS OF MANKIND DURING THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

[This article is principally taken from the *Revue Encyclopedique*; but the translator has not scrupled to make occasionally either such omissions, additions, or alterations, as might be consistent with his own views of the subject, wherever they happened not exactly to coincide with those of the original author. That author, however, who (according to the manly system of conducting the periodical press of France) stands forth with the signature of his name, is no less respectable an ornament to the literature and science of his age, than the celebrated J. C. L. de Sismondi.

To some of the sentiments we have given a colouring which does not exactly belong to the original, and which M. Sismondi himself (even if he had written in England) would not, perhaps, have given to them. We have done more; we have not only incorporated with this philosophical retrospect, the substance of a considerable portion of another article from the same pen, on the subject of "British India," but have added freely, sometimes to the extent of whole columns, of our own; as will be apparent to whoever may think it worth while to compare the translation with the original.]

EDITOR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

**T**HE Roman Church was desirous that the year, through two-thirds of which we have now run, should be signalized by public solemnities and rejoicings; and that the church, of course, should be enriched by the offerings and atonements of the faithful. It *innovated*, therefore, upon the secular festivals, which, from the ordinary duration of human life, the greater part of those faithful could never witness; and deeming even the sectional jubilee of fifty years rather too precariously remote for the chances of a majority thereof, considered the fourth part of a century a more convenient portion of mundane existence for that pause of contemplation and reflection heretofore prescribed to the entire, or the moiety of that period.

This, then, said the *infallible* head of the religious world, when the year was approaching, is a proper season for acknowledging our errors, for examining what progress we have made in the infallible course, and for de-

riving from the contemplation of the past, new hopes and new motives for the future.

A year of jubilee was accordingly proclaimed. With what little zeal or apparent enthusiasm its introduction was attended—what abatement of pomp—what paucity of pilgrimage to the shrine of St Peter, is sufficiently notorious; and with what grudging contribution to the holy treasury, may be as readily inferred. Those, however, who desire the improvement and melioration of man—his progress in virtue, talent and liberty, and the exercise of those faculties that raise him above the brute, would do well to celebrate this Jubilee, at least in their meditations. The political philanthropist (as well as the religious devotee) may find some advantage in looking backward and examining the course already run, repenting of the errors committed, confirming his faith in the truths that are known, and drawing fresh encouragement from the lessons of experience.

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The first twenty-five years of the Nineteenth century have had a character entirely their own. One sole interest has engrossed them;—the struggle between two systems of political doctrine which divide the human race, and upon which depend the disposal of power and the future destinies of the earth. One tends to the advancement of our species; the other arrests its progress, and would compel it to retrograde.

In different countries these systems have been alternately victorious; and violent revolutions and national overthrows have, in this quarter of a century, alternately signalized the triumph of either party. They are still at issue; the event as yet uncertain; and though we are far from pretending to be neutral, we believe we can, without bitterness or partiality, describe their respective positions. And first, we will observe, though in the midst of many distressing and discouraging events, there is some comfort for the friends of humanity, in at length perceiving the real object of these divisions, and the character of the two parties clearly defined. In the course of the twenty-five years under review, it has not been always thus. As each party has, in turn, become tyrannical, and, in the flush of power, braved the lights of reason, the inspirations of morality, or the proud feelings of liberty,—we have seen virtuous men, actuated by conscience, ranging themselves under the opposite standards; equally actuated, perhaps, by the desire of preserving whatever is ennobling to man; of expelling despotism, whatever shape it might assume, and averting anarchy and vandalism; of upholding civilization and virtue, and restoring liberty: all which appear to have been alternately trampled under foot, by the excesses of revolutionary precipitancy, and by the strides of insatiable ambition.

Of the value of these precious gifts there is and can be but one opinion. We differ only as to the means of attaining them; the characteristics

by which they may be known, and the modifications and balances of authority by which they may be best maintained. No man ever voluntarily shuts himself from the light of knowledge, of virtue, and of freedom; or offers his blood as the price of oppression and chains.

"We fight for liberty!" said a republican soldier to an Imperialist. "And do you think," replied the Austrian, "that we fight to become slaves?"—For a long time one source of error was the incoherent apprehension of motives—the irrational division of objects inherently identified, or, at least, of necessity cooperative; not hostile or incompatible: as if the interests of man depended *separately*, either upon liberty, knowledge, or virtue. They are, in fact, indivisible.

Man must be enlightened, in order to distinguish good from evil; he must be virtuous, that he may cling to the former; and he must be free, that his choice may be effective. The same knowledge which directs his moral choice, will lead him to every other good, and point out the means whereby he may attain it. Every advance of intellect will produce a corresponding progress in virtue, and in liberty.

The conviction of the intimate alliance between these grand objects and characteristics of our nature, which ignorance and sophistry have so frequently presented as opposed, removes one of the greatest obstructions and embarrassments from the progress of the friends of humanity.

But the retrograde party, perhaps, might say—their actions seem to say so—"We believe knowledge, virtue, liberty, and the increase of riches, population and power, which result from them, to be good things; but we desire them only for ourselves." To this the *progressive* party have a right to reply: "Because these things are good, we wish them for all: we seek the welfare of the many—the greatest good of the greatest number."



But language has been so misused by the upholders and ministers of power, that, however clearly defined the question may be which engrosses the attention of the world, it is not impossible for declaimers to raise doubts, and to confuse the simple mind by the sophistry of words. The facts, however, are now open to inspection that may explain the principles of both parties, and serve as the bases of future action.

#### NORTH AMERICA.

The *United States of America* exhibit the effects of the progressive system upon the human race. Since the establishment of their freedom, and, above all, during the last quarter of a century, their government has never swerved from its firm determination of favouring, with its whole power, the progress of knowledge, virtue and liberty. The rapid growth and prosperity of these states, surpasses all that has, heretofore, been seen or heard of.

In order properly to estimate these phenomena, we must not forget the point from which these now united and flourishing states set out. The founders were refugees of religious and political sects, who had been alternately the persecutors and the persecuted; and, in consequence, possessed the germs of animosity, resentment, and every species of aggravated fanaticism. At one time they were recruited only by the scum of England—the outcasts of desperation and crime. Afterwards, the country became the refuge of fortune-hunters, intriguants and adventurers of all nations. The colonies received from the governments of Europe the most dreadful of all institutions—slavery; and the greater part of the population was dispersed in woods and forests, and over immense savannahs, remote from courts of justice and social protection.

In such circumstances, the Americans, under a European government, would have been the most vicious of people: they may, on the contrary, rank among the most virtuous. Where shall we find more upright, just and

honourable feeling? where so few crimes? where such reverence for the domestic virtues? and where such freedom of conscience, joined to so universal an influence of religion?

No doubt the traces of the stain, which the Americans owe to their founders, are still perceptible: but, every day, they are rapidly diminishing. In the race of intellect, the Americans, indeed, are but beginning. They were obliged to become agriculturalists, artisans and merchants, before they had leisure to devote themselves to literature, or philosophy. But, already, they have introduced all the arts and sciences of Europe, and there is diffused amongst the mass of the people more rationality, positive knowledge, quickness of perception, and common sense, than is to be found in the mass of European nations. The liberty of America is fortified by her knowledge and her virtue. They have no popular discords, no insurrections, no civil wars. Their security is equivalent to their freedom. And what is the result? At the commencement of the era, the population amounted to four or five millions; it is now eleven. Their towns were small and poor; they now rival in grandeur, population and beauty, the capitals of Europe. They, at first, sustained with difficulty the burthen of the public debt, contracted during the war of independence: their funds are now dependant alone upon their own resources, and their debt is almost nothing. Their commerce, their industry, even their agriculture, was supported by English capital: their own is now sufficient for an extent of enterprise, which spreads their commerce over Europe and the Indies, and carries the overflow of arts and civilization southward, over what was once Spanish America.

This the Americans have done during the last twenty-five years.

Is it strange that we also should feel an emulation to profit by their example, and extend still further our own mighty resources?—to keep pace with their growth, and maintain

at equal distance our splendid, and hitherto unparalleled pre-eminence? Would it not be strange if the civilized nations of Europe did not sympathize in the generous emulation?

Unhappily, however, it is not difficult to find instances of the contrary tendency.

#### MOLDAVIA, WALACHIA, &c.

In order to give the least possible offence to those who do not wish to hear the truth, we will take one far from us, in a country where the government uses no artifice to disguise its intentions. The country alluded to is situated betwixt the three Imperial and dominant Sovereignities of continental Europe—belonging properly to none:—but each restrains it, and would retain it, under *especial protection*, as it is called, so as to keep it in its present state. It comprises Moldavia, Walachia, Bulgaria, and Servia. Favoured by nature with the most fertile soil in Europe, and the most temperate climate,—its spacious and imperial river (the Danube) was the ancient course of that commerce which formerly linked the East and West, and the civilization of Constantinople with that of Germany and France.

But this country, to which Providence has dispensed so many advantages, whose development should minister to its happiness and glory, has been long under the unmitigated influence of the retrograde system.—Since the time of Trajan, who rendered it flourishing—or of Charlemagne, who opened, through the vale of the Danube, the communication between the two empires, it has never ceased to decline; and the extinction of arts, agriculture, commerce and civilization, have been the lamentable consequences. In that now desolated and deplorable region, neither mind nor morals have a sanctuary; nor is there security of person or of property;—the population is reduced to one-twentieth part; and even that scanty remnant is in a state more savage and more miserable than the wild beasts, with whom they divide the produce of the rich *valley of the*

*Danube*. There is no other country, whence every kind of liberty is so effectually banished as from this. From the districts, particularly, of Bulgaria and Servia, every refinement and every virtue is banished and proscribed. The peasant is a bondsman; the master without will, or power to protect him: the very language is obscured in barbarism. Virtue is unknown; for *where there are no rights, there can be no duties*. The gross intemperance of the Boyars (nobles), and the coarse manners of their women, are disgustingly contrasted with the luxury by which they are surrounded; and warfare, bloodshed and robbery, have been prolonged for centuries.

Such is the picture upon which the *protectoral* eye of the neighbouring potentates (the most powerful of European monarchs) can look with complacency,—without assembling any congress, without availing themselves of any influence which treaties have given them, to check the anarchy or restrain the ferocious atrocity of that brigandism, which renders so fair a portion of Europe a worse than desert—a scene and a source of devastation.

But there is no danger, in all this, of any revolt from despotism; and despotic sovereigns are apt to trouble themselves but little about that anarchy which interferes not with the acknowledgment, or the exercise of their sovereignty: no matter whether it be over a pestilent desert, or over cities thronged with population, and flowing with the opulence and the enjoyments of commerce, arts and intellect. There is no republicanism, no liberalism here; no new lights, or new philosophy; no innovation in behalf of the representative system; and *Legitimate Alliances* have, therefore, no motive for *holy* interference.

It is well, however, that we should sometimes look towards the Walachians and Moldavians, that, by knowing what is the inevitable tendency of the retrograde movement, we may guard with so much the more jealousy



sy and determination against going backwards.

#### PROGRESSIVE AND RETROGRADE SYSTEMS.

Let us not be led astray by the use of other terms, invented by fraud, and applied by servility, to confound discrimination, and disguise the tendencies of the two systems. Arbitrary and sophistical distinctions—the misnomers of tradition, and the mystified abuse of words, either meaningless, or perverted in their meanings, have had an unfortunate influence, and have fostered many errors. The two parties have deceived themselves by a declaration of principles which they did not really feel or understand. Even the leading tenet of what is called Liberalism, “the sovereignty of the people,” has been more used than understood: for the sovereignty of the people, in any country that would retain its station, much more, advance in the scale of civilization, cannot consist in a state of things under which the functions of government are to be exercised by the collective body. It must be an organized, not a personal, many-headed sovereignty; for the ignorant are much more numerous than the well-informed; and it is the intellect of a nation that must direct the physical force, or that force becomes worse than impotent. There were seasons, during the French revolution, in which the Sovereign Multitude shewed themselves no less capable of retrograding than the Despots: when they (or such portions of them as, by clamour and violence, assumed the semblance and efficacy of the whole,) waged a war of desolation against every art and every refinement connected with the progress and elevation of man; and seemed likely to have verified even the extravagant hyperbole of Burke, and to have slain the very mind of the nation.

If the voice of the people be the voice of God, it is not that voice which manifests itself in a shout and a roar; for these can accompany pillage and massacre, and are then like-

ly to be loudest and most vehement; but it must be the voice that is deliberately given through some organized medium. In short, the sovereignty of the people is the sovereignty of the intellect of the nation; and all that the *Progressive System* requires, is that every arbitrary restriction should be removed from the course of its development and manifestation.

The adversaries of this party have opposed to this opinion, that of *Legitimacy*, upon which they pretended to rest the sovereign authority. But it is not the object of every upholder of this system to rear the standard of the retrograde party. They have thought only of France, and the example of her days of violence; and, regarding all revolutionary power as necessarily connected with headlong violence, they sought for justice in the concentration of force; and hoped to secure this justice by acknowledging in the sovereign, as in the subject, an indefeasible right, sanctioned by regular transmission, and the prescription of many generations. The retrograde party, however, have availed themselves of the term in a very different sense.

But have those, who talk of “*Legitimacy*,” looked either to the genuine signification of the term, or to the history of the states and governments to which it is applied?—to the legitimacy of Germany and Italy, for example! Have they forgotten the nature of the legitimate order in the Sacred Roman and Germanic empires, as they existed prior to the French revolution, and to the revolutions that have been made under the pretence of putting that revolution down? Established legitimate usage, sanctioned by long prescription, and regular and quiet conveyance from generation to generation, gave to each of these two countries an *elective* chief; electors, of whom three were elective in their turns; and a constitution, which the present pretended Legitimates have destroyed from beginning to end: whilst all the rights and titles they at present

claim, are derived from that révolution which they proscribe, and which their own equally flagrant revolutions have superseded.

The rest of Europe (as now legitimately—or mock-legitimately constituted) will be no less puzzled to show, in the power to which they are subjected, the proofs of a *legitimacy*, of which almost every ancient law (those laws upon which the governments of those respective states were founded) is abolished. Witness Genoa, Venice, the Ionian Isles, Malta, part of Saxony, Poland, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, &c.

But the partizans of the *Retrograde System* have no need of established *principles*; it is sufficient for them that they have established *terms*.

The partizans of the *Progressive System* are called upon for more precision. The duties of those who maintain the Sovereignty of the People, are the advancement of the ends of human society—above all, its happiness: and it is incumbent upon them to shew, that its improvement in this depends upon, or, at least, is necessarily connected with, its progress in virtue; and that moral melioration must depend upon the diffusion of knowledge and liberty. The accomplishment of these ends legitimizes a government, whatever be its form; and is, at once, its most glorious title, and its best security.

Every form of government is not indeed equally suited to the accomplishment of this end; but we must be content with what we have,—provided it does its best: for a perfect form of government, suited to all nations, and accommodated to all circumstances, has not yet been found; and something must be conceded to the prepossessions that result from habitude.

Having endeavoured to show what is the object of the struggle that has so long occupied the attention of the human race, let us also consider the result.

Notwithstanding the changes and disastrous catastrophes which have occurred during the last quarter of a

century, mankind may yet be proud of the progress they have made.

#### FRANCE.

*France*, who gave the impulse to all other nations, though she has paid dearly for her inexperience—alternately conquering, conquered and re-conquered,—subject to the wildest transitions and extremes,—and retracing many, even her very best steps, with too evident a retrograde movement—even France has gained, during this period (if she can but retain even what remains,) much more than she has lost.

Napoleon retrograded most when France, under his dominion, appeared most splendid and formidable; and the restoration of the Bourbons has, as might naturally be expected, restored, together with the superstitious veneration for ancient dynasties, the propensity, on the part of the rulers, to recur to the arbitrary maxims and usages associated with Bourbon remembrances. Those who pride themselves in the descent of their title from *le Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV., will be naturally disposed to play the *monarch*, as nearly as possible, in the same despotic style; and, in such a drama, there will never be any want of actors, who are eager enough to support the secondary and subordinate parts.

The instances are sufficiently numerous, in which this spirit has been manifested; and the steps sufficiently notorious, and sufficiently important, in which its operations have been effective. The priesthood has regained a considerable portion of its influence, and some of its power:—and in proportion to the political influence and the power of any priesthood, will be the retrogradation and abasement of the human mind. But all has not yet been undone; and much of what remains, it is not, perhaps, in the nature of things that it should be practicable for effort or machination to undo. The ideas of order and justice are unfolded and fixed; knowledge is universally diffused; and both parties, generally speaking, have relinquished some



portion of their prejudices. Morals, indeed, have suffered alike from the progress of hypocrisy and venality; knowledge, from opposition to the best methods of instruction; liberty, from invasions, which it would be useless to recapitulate; and symptoms are but too apparent of the progress of avarice, or lust of accumulation, which was not, heretofore, a characteristic vice of France. But the progress of prosperity is indisputable; and national wealth has elevated, in some respects, the national character: for the citizen feels his independence, when he is above the reach of want; and extended ease and affluence have given to every class a greater thirst for instruction. In compensation for some of its lost rights, France has gained, at least, an extended liberty of the press; the most effectual guarantee of elevated sentiments, and the most powerful instrument of human improvability.

## GERMANY.

*Germany*, no less shaken than France,—the theatre of war during the greatest part of the period we are treating of—has seen all its institutions overthrown—its sovereignties changed, either in titles, in laws, or in circumscription. Prior to the late violent convulsions, it had the name of a *legitimate* government; but it has not now, if the term have any meaning, even that. France has caused her own revolutions, but Germany has fallen a victim to those of other nations; and, instead of improving, has gone back. At the beginning of this century, every state endeavoured to improve its institutions, and to introduce some modifications of liberty. The respective governments sought to merit, from their subjects, some portion of that love which, in times of public danger, is their only surety. The people, relying with confidence on their princes, and obtaining their confidence in return, went hand in hand with them, with a slow but certain pace. The greatest freedom was allowed to literature; new life seemed to animate their universities; and,

what is more, those incorporated seminaries possessed, efficiently, a political power; and the spirit of association, which took its rise in Germany, and which the sovereigns strongly encouraged, gave the philosophers an immediate ascendancy over the multitude.

But every thing, now again, is changed: fear is substituted for love, as the principle of obedience; morality is invaded by the encouragement given to informers and spies; and, still more, by the notorious examples of want of faith, in the breach of every promise made to the people, in the hour when the now-dominant governors stood most perilously in need of their assistance. Intellect is checked—the universities are shackled and degraded—and the light of science is forbidden to shine, but upon such objects, and through such discoloured mediums, as suit the passions and the prejudices of rulers. The press is enslaved, and club-meetings are punished as if they were state crimes. The ancient constitution (rude and semi-barbarous as it was, yet limiting, in some degree, despotic power), has been suppressed, without compensation; there are, in effect, no more electors, princes, prelates, or nobility;—there are no longer any rights to protect; and Germany has ceased to be a nation. The princes, weak and feeble, totter on their thrones, in the sight of their subjects and their neighbours; and the land of jurisprudence and tactic discipline has no longer any importance in the eyes of Europe.

## ITALY.

*Italy* has been still more unfortunate than Germany. During the space of the last twenty-five years, she might have been justified in founding the most splendid hopes. Having roused herself from the indolence and effeminate corruption which had caused her sons, so long, to forget their slavery, she was re-assuming her military virtue, and that generous patriotism which elevates a national character, and leads to every other virtue. In the cultiva-

tion of the science of government, she had begun to feel again the value of intellectual pursuits; and the genius of a people, eminently endowed by nature, began, once more to manifest itself.

This, we are aware, is saying something for the memory of Napoleon; and Italy, there can be little doubt, bitterly laments the assistance she lent in effecting his overthrow. Napoleon was indeed to Italy, as to all that he could bring within his grasp of power, sufficiently despotic. He was a despot in the very constitution of his mind and character. How should a military ambitionist be any thing else? His despotism had, however, in many respects, a liberal cast. He was the best *master* Italy is ever likely to have; and his government was doing something towards enabling it sometime or other to become its own. He awakened its mind; he called forth its military and its intellectual energies. He made it in some degree a nation. It had been, and is again, more completely than ever, a chaos of fractions—of dependant provinces; and the very means of concentration seem to be destroyed. Alas! for poor degraded Italy in the present blessed *Settlement of the Peace of Europe*.

But let us return to the season of her now dissipated aspirations.

In the midst of this period, her government became changed, without extinguishing her hopes: for, in order to obtain the co-operation of the people, the powers in alliance against Napoleon had promised most solemnly, that Italy should participate in the advantages of the struggle, and be encouraged in the establishment of such institutions as were accordant with the advancement of knowledge, and the improved spirit of the age. These promises, however, being forgotten as soon as the new rulers found themselves established in their power, and the people being not only disappointed in their aspiring hopes, but goaded and trampled by every degradation and

oppression, two revolutions burst forth at the two extremities of Italy.

But even in the midst of these fevers of popular eruption, heretofore always so terrible, we may trace the evidence of the improved character of the Italian people. These revolutions ended without bloodshed, pillage, insult, or violence. In each, the hereditary prince placed himself at the head of the reformers (and, it might be added, in each, cajoled their partizans, secured the objects of their own ambition, and betrayed the confidence reposed in them); and, if this double experience warn the people from trusting to *royal* revolutionists, it also proves that the Italians knew how to join gratitude for the past with hope for the future.

The retrograde system, however, prevails: outlawries, confiscations and proscriptions have followed; and Europe is inundated with the exiled talents and virtues of Italy—with those, in fact, who hazarded the sacrifice of fortune, station and privilege, for the happiness of their fellow citizens. Military commissions, and, still more to be dreaded, commissions of police, have annihilated all legal process, and spread terror through all classes; morality has been attacked by the example of the neglect of oaths, and the encouragement of calumniators or informers; and by leaving no refuge from the recollection of public misfortune, but in idleness and vice. Knowledge has been interdicted; instruction impeded; the studies of the Universities suppressed, by the proscription and destruction of foreign books. War has been declared as openly against intellect as against freedom; and the liberal Arts and Sciences have partaken of the proscription which suppressed freedom of thought. Nevertheless, M. de Sismondi still believes Italy to be in a progressive state and that, in spite of corrupted institutions and oppression, there is more virtue, information, and patriotism in Italy, in 1825, than there was in 1800.



## SPAIN.

The state of Spain is much more frightful. This proudest of nations was elated by the applause of Europe for its resistance to Napoleon. Beyond the Pyrenees, fanaticism united with the love of freedom; and the partizans, alike, of the progressive and the retrogressive systems, in the rest of Europe, celebrated the success, which the Spaniards owed more to their climate and their poverty, than to their talents and bravery. But a discord of passions raged in the Peninsula. The enthusiasm of all was excited; but they acted under two opposite impulses. Spain, when the old system was restored by Ferdinand, could neither remain in her ancient barbarism, ignominy and abuses, nor emerge from them, in the distraction of so many prejudices. She, nevertheless, attempted a revolution, which was neither marked by any crime, nor signalized by any extraordinary development of talent. The fanatical classes, who had heretofore (in the war against Napoleon) advanced the the projects of revolutionists, would advance no more. The mass of the people, who had been, for ages, in habits of ferocious ignorance and dependance, repelled with stupid horror the advancement of morality, knowledge and liberty; and the revolutionists did not reserve to themselves the power of making the people sensible of the advantages of their liberty. Confounding the equilibrium by which their institutions should be sustained, with the victory on which they had founded them, they annihilated government, instead of daring to make themselves masters of it. They enslaved the prince, without reserving to themselves the power of

satisfying the people; and, by an overacted moderation, failed either to intimidate the factious or to impress their own partizans with an idea that they themselves had confidence in their own stability.—No sooner therefore, were they attacked than conquered, because they had no nation to back them; and the populace, which they had not known either how to gain, or to over-awe, reigned over their nominal rulers. But, do not let us mistake:—royalty is restored, but it is the populace who reign—if reign it may be called. Anarchy is at its height, and Spain is now in that very stage of revolutionary disorder and violence, which in France was viewed with so much horror;—the period of the utmost degeneracy and ferocity,—the tyranny of the basest of the multitude;—though she arrived there by a path directly opposite to that which was trodden by the revolutionists of France. Mob-anarchy, the worst of tyrannies, is the result of a *contre revolution* effected by kings and ministers, under the pretext, and doubtless, with the intention of serving the cause of royalism. The powers that rule are not to be sought in palaces, but on the highways; and the triumph of the retrograders in Spain has been so complete, that they tremble themselves at the victory they have gained. Even religion itself is but a runner to the police; and the confessors are called upon to divulge, to the authorities, the secrets of their penitents.\*

It is strange that the Church of Rome has not protested against this sacrilege; for a more dangerous blow has never been aimed at her power.

*To be continued.*

\* In this statement, we find all living authorities, we have had any opportunity of consulting, unanimously to agree—Spaniards, or those who have viewed, with most attention, the affairs of Spain. We marvel that Lord Liverpool did not (upon a recent occasion) find some consolation in this circumstance—some alleviation from the dread he entertained (*expressed*, we mean) of political conspirators having somebody to tell their treasons to, who would be bound by oaths not to tell them again—as if a secret would be more securely locked up when it had been confessed to a priest, than if it had been confessed to nobody!!! The fact is, that one of the great moral and po-

## CHURCH-YARD REVERIES.

**W**HAT a fine field for contemplation does a country church-yard present! and how beautifully has Montgomery painted the calm and soothing attractions of its quiet seclusion.

A scene sequestered from the haunts of men,  
The loveliest nook in all that lovely glen,  
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.  
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,  
With walks between, where friends and kindred trod,  
Who dress'd with duteous hand each hal-low'd sod.  
No sculptured monument was wrought to breathe  
His praises, whom the worm destroy'd beneath:  
The high, the low, the mighty and the fair,  
Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there.  
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,  
By one dishonour'd, or by all forgot.  
To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,  
From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear.  
And oft the living, by affection led,  
Were wont to walk in spirit with the dead;  
Where no dark cypress casts a doleful gloom,  
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,  
But white and red, with intermingling flowers,—  
The grave look'd beautiful in sun and showers.

'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care—

It breath'd of hope, and moved the heart to prayer!

I do not marvel that it should have inspired Gray, or that it should have become similarly beneficial to other bards, for he must have a strange heart who can resist the quiet and soothing influence of its sequestered solitude. Who can walk among the grassy tombs—

— transversely lying side by side,  
From east to west—

with indifference, or read with unconcern "the short, but simple annals of the poor?" Who, besides, can gaze upon the worms and the beetles, which the sexton has disturbed in preparing another resting-place for frail mortality, without being conscious that the reptiles, writhing in impotent petulance, have been rioting upon the damask cheek of beauty—or, it may be, fattening upon some proud lord of the soil, whose rank and wealth could not preserve him, even though cased in lead, from the common corruption of the grave. There is, also, some instructive lessons to be learned from the mouldering bones, which are kicked about indiscriminately by idle boys. Shakspeare, Sterne—alas! poor Yorick!—and several of our older writers, have deduced many a moral from such relics.

litical evils of the system of Catholic confession is, not that the pledge of confidence will, but that, occasionally, it will not, be kept inviolable; and that, under wicked, oppressive and profligate governments, wicked, hypocritical and profligate priests (and such there are, both Catholic and Protestant) will be made auxiliaries to the police of espionage.—While human nature is human nature, it inevitably must be so: and we never yet found reason to believe, that either a cowl or a cassock changed it into any thing better. They are sworn, it is true, not to divulge; but oaths (prospective oaths especially), generally speaking, are binding only upon those who want no oaths to bind them; and instances enough might be mentioned, not solitary or individual, but accumulative instances, to prove that the maxim is not less applicable to clergy than to laity—to monks and parsons, than to custom-house officers and excise-men. And how can we expect that a Spanish Popish priest should feel his conscience more afflicted by dispensing with his oath to keep a confessional secret, than an Irish Protestant priest in dispensing with *his* to maintain and teach a school in the parish, or district in which he discharges the duty of receiving the eight, ten, or twelve hundred a-year attached to his pastoral office?—EDIT.



And then the grave itself! the dark, damp, desolate, rapacious grave! With what different feelings do its numerous victims prepare to descend into its dim recesses! Some are buoyed up with hope.—others cast down, shaken, almost maddened by fear, and hopeless, unceasing, overwhelming despair: some seek its gloomy protection with joy, others descend into its cold profundity with sorrow, and others with calm indifference. The man of “three-score years and ten,” who has lived throughout his brief span, subject to the varied good and evil of humanity, will “go down into the grave” in peace, and with the hope of a renewed and blessed existence in eternity. The strong and lusty sinner, with defiance on his lip, and boldness—the boldness of despair and guilt—upon his unbending brow, will still wrestle with the mortal stroke, till the arrow has pierced his vitals. The young mother, although sustained and elevated by fervent hope, soothed, even in the dark hour of departing life, by a consciousness of her own meek virtues—think you, will *she* leave her weeping husband, her darling babes—the bright sunshine of youth,—the sweet hopes and fears, and joys, aye, or even the griefs of mortality unmoved? Oh! no, no! she would willingly forego her doom, even were it only for a short season, and although that brief season were to afford nought but the bitterness of life—“the wormwood and the gall.” The man of sorrow, whose life has been but sparingly “chequered o’er” with the good things of this world; whose spirit has been bruised and broken by the unfeeling hard-heartedness of his fellow-men; who has languished on in poverty, and nakedness, and hunger—without friends—for who will befriend the wretched?—without kindred—for who will acknowledge the hapless?—without a being to whom he could apply for succour, or from whom he could expect even the uncostly balm of a kind word—to such an one—and many such there are—the grave is

as a bed of down, “soft as the breath of even,” where he may rest in peace, secure at length from the wants, and woes, and bitter humiliations of poor humanity. Then what a blessed thing is the quiet death of the sweet infant!

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls,  
And takes the stain of earth,  
With not a taint of mortal life,  
Except its mortal birth.

The sinless soul of the cherub child, that dies on its mother’s breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might share here, as well as of the many, many miseries of which it might be partaker. This can hardly be called *death*. It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the gentle tide of life, to flow no more in the troubled ocean of existence; it is but the removal of a fair creature—“too pure for earthly stay”—to make one of that bright band of cherubims which encompasses in glory and in joy the throne of the living God.

But, glorious as the change may be, it is a hard thing for the mother to part thus early with her little one.

’Tis hard to lay her darling  
Deep in the cold damp earth—  
His empty crib to see,  
His silent nursery,  
Once gladsome with his mirth,

To meet again in slumber  
His small mouth’s rosy kiss;  
Then, waken’d with a start  
By her own throbbing heart,  
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)  
A dull, heart-sinking weight,  
Till mem’ry on her soul  
Flashes the painful whole,  
That she is desolate!

And then to lie and weep,  
And think the live-long night  
(Feeding her own distress  
With accurate greediness)  
Of every past delight;—

Of all his winning ways,  
His pretty, playful smiles,  
His joy, his ecstasy,  
His tricks, his mimicry,  
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections  
Round mothers' hearts that cling—  
That mingle with the tears  
And smiles of after years,  
With oft awakening!

But how little does individual misery or misfortune affect the great mass of mankind! "When I reflect," observes Pope, in a letter to Addison, "what an inconsiderable atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day!"

I must confess that I have gathered much amusement from the quaint, and often ludicrous epitaphs of a country church-yard. Yet I have met with some inscriptions in my wanderings which, if not actually conceived and expressed with the inspiration of true poetry, yet breathe a quiet and holy feeling, well calculated to impress the reader with the sincerity of the writer. There is something very touchingly interesting in the green grave of a young and sinless maiden. I have gazed on many such, and from two have I transcribed the following inscriptions:

The maid who in this grave lies sleeping,  
Hath left her young companions weeping;  
And thoughts of her have plunged in sadness,  
Hearts to whom they once gave gladness.  
Lovely in form, in mind excelling—  
A spirit pure in earthly dwelling;  
She died, and we again shall never  
See one like her, now lost forever!

\* \* \* \*

There was a sweet and nameless grace  
That wander'd o'er her lovely face;  
And from her pensive eye of blue,  
Was magic in the glance which flew.  
Her hair, of soft and gloomy shade,  
In rich luxuriance curling stray'd;  
But when she spoke, or when she sung,

Enchantment on her accents hung.  
Where is she now?—where all must be—  
Sunk in the grave's obscurity;  
Yet, never—never slumbered there,  
A mind more pure—a form more fair.

But all epitaphs do not stretch out thus gracefully. A couplet, or a quatrain at most, is deemed quite sufficient to set forth the mementos of mortality.—At Stoke-Gabriel, in Devonshire, this elegant couplet is placed under the name and age of a young girl.

Sweet flow'r! transplanted by the hand of  
love,  
To bud and bloom in milder bowers above.

There is less gentle feeling in the quatrain in Peterborough church-yard:—

Reader, pass on! ne'er waste your time  
On bad biography and bitter rhyme;  
For what *I am*—this cumbrous clay ensures—  
And what *I was*, is no concern of yours.

In the church-yard of the town of Wrexham, in North Wales, is the following:—

Born in America, in Europe bred,  
In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed,  
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd—in London dead.  
Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even,  
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.  
You, that survive and read this tale, take care  
For this most certain exit to prepare,  
Where, blest in peace, the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust.

This is inscribed on the tomb of a very singular being, by name Elihu Yale. He was a gay, restless, roving young fellow, who went to India "to make his fortune," and he *did* make it. Why he became so attached to Wrexham it is difficult to say; but he ornamented the church with a very fine altar-piece, which he had brought from Italy; and although he died in London, he desired that his remains might be deposited among the quiet hills of Denbighshire. I may mention, *en passant*, that the vault under the church of Wrexham contains the bones of another extra-



ordinary being, Hugh Bellot, Bishop of Chester. He was one of those austere churchmen who retained an invincible predilection for the severities of the cloister, long after the different orders of monkhood had been suppressed. It is recorded of him that, on account of his superabundant sanctity, he would suffer no female form to darken his doors, and that he practised on his own person the most severe restriction and self-denial. It is somewhat curious that two such opposite characters as Hugh Bellot and Elihu Yale should select, for their final resting-place, a spot so remote from their usual residence. But mark the difference! The austere and self-denying churchman reposes under the floor of the temple—the gay, licentious traveller under the green sod!

The rage for the “sepulchri inscriptio” seems to have been at one time wonderfully rife at Wrexham. Of the two following epitaphs, the first is a good specimen of the simple; the second is light—but nervous, as the *Spectator* would say.

Joseph Critchley by name,  
Who liv'd in good fame;  
Being gone to his rest,  
Without doubt he is blest.

Here lies interr'd beneath these stones,  
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones  
Of Wrexham's clerk, old David Jones.

The rigidly grave and stubbornly sedate are doubtless much scandalized at the levity which is occasionally displayed in monumental inscriptions. But why? Death is, in truth, a serious and sorrowful thing; but if we meet a funeral procession, must we weep because we see others doing so? No: neither should we dissemble, by inscribing on the tombs of the witty, the gay, and the joyous, a grave, sententious, elaborate, canting epitaph. How would Sir ———, or Mr Alderman ———, or any other mirth-loving votary of jollity rest in his coffin, if oppressed with the weight of a formal inscription? And what would the world think of Tooke, Swift, Jekyl, Smollet, Sheridan, Cur-

ran, Norbury, Tom Moore, and a thousand other brilliant spirits, if the stone-mason were to carve upon their tombs a catalogue of virtues which they never possessed, and delight their disconsolate survivors with an enumeration of grave moralities, to which, in their life-time, they never aspired? There would be neither wisdom nor truth in such pastime, but a fair theme for the further exercise of Mrs Opie's illustrative faculties. How much more to the purpose is the following epitaph on George Alexander Stevens, the founder, as I have always considered him, of the magnificent science of phrenology—

A second Alexander here lies dead—  
And not less fam'd—for taking off a head!

Again, in Redcliff-upon-Soar, the grave-stone of Robert Smith, “clerk and undertaker,” displays, in four lines, the extent of that useful personage's accomplishments with much greater accuracy than could have been effected by the most pompous inscription.

Fifty-five years it was, and something more,  
Clerk of this parish he the office bore;  
And in that space, 'tis awful to declare,  
Two generations by him buried were!

At Penryn, in Cornwall, the swift career of a rogue is thus memorialized:

Here lies William Smith, and what is somewhat rarish,  
He was born, bred, and hanged in this very parish.

Specimens of the “free and easy” style of inscriptive poetry should not always be despised. Many an eloquent bard, ere he has soared, like the eagle towards the sun, into the highest regions of poesy, has tried his wing, and perched upon a tombstone, or a sign-post. Who can tell but that those “simple sounds” were the first faint whisperings of some modest and unknown Bloomfield; or the earliest emanations from the quiet spirit of some secluded Clare? Such effusions serve to show that there is still some truth, some unso-

phisticated sincerity among men. Let the rich and the powerful, the proud and the great, go down into their ancestral tomb with their virtues duly emblazoned on the richly sculptured marble. Let their genealogy be accordingly set forth, and let not one worthy or unworthy ancestor be omitted. Let the fretted roof of the temple, and its stony floor,

keep out the light of day and the darkness of night, the sunshine and the storm (they will not keep out the worm); but let *me* lie under the green-sward, with the light-blue sky above me, and one small stone, with merely my name, to point out to my friends and the companions of my mortality, the spot where my bones are mouldering.

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#### THE GOVERNESS.

**I**T has been said by Dr Johnson, in his preface to the *Lives of the Poets*, that "the history of authors has little that is amusing, since the life of a studious man comprises few incidents, and admits little variety." Perhaps that of a governess comes under a similar description; for it is usually one of much monotony,—of wearisome exertion, but rarely violent affliction,—with many mortifications, and many comforts also, and that calm balancing of good and evil which offers little to the memoir-writer or story-teller, on which he can dilate with any powerful effect.

But the human heart, and especially the heart of a young, ingenuous, refined and amiable girl, is an object of interest to every one, and the very circumstance of her setting out from the paternal home, to find in strangers that protection which misfortune compels her to seek, gives her a peculiar interest in every feeling heart; and when to this she adds our esteem for her virtues, and is so endowed by nature as to excite admiration for her person and qualities, cold indeed must be the breast of that individual who does not contemplate her with affection, and bid "God speed her," as she enters on her delicate and arduous course.

Eliza Rosewood was the eldest of five children, the offspring of a bankrupt merchant. She had been nurtured for the first ten years of her life in affluence; but, during the next seven, her days had passed in poverty, obscurity and privation.

She had been sensible with how much difficulty her excellent parents had procured her the advantages of education, and their kindness, still more than their advice had impressed her with the belief, that for their sakes it was her duty gladly to engage in any task or course which promised assistance to them, and to those beloved little ones, for whom she had long performed every office of affection. But even under this long-impressed belief, and under the most anxious and ardent desire to prove her gratitude and tenderness, the very thought of leaving them agonized her heart. While her father was sinking by slow disease, her mother found in her the only consolation and help their altered situation admitted; and to quit them even for the most essential means of aiding them, seemed almost as cruel as it was painful. Happily that mother was as firm as she was tender, though her heart was wrung with many sorrows and oppressed with many fears, when she looked at her fair child, and remembered that they had never been divided for a day since her birth,—that no school-girl friendship, no social pleasures, even of the most natural and innocent kind, had in their present humble state obtruded to separate them. Still the stern necessity of circumstances admitted no compromise. A situation had been procured for her daughter by a friend, to attend on a young lady who was about four years her junior, the only daughter of a wealthy baro-



net. No human being could be happier in her *entree* into life under such circumstances; for she was treated as a daughter by the heads of the family, and as a friend by the sweet girl who sought her instructions. Her own knowledge every day increased under the baronet's judicious cultivation; and, although the situation was secluded, and with her young charge she saw little company, yet the plenty and elegance, and above all, the aids afforded to her taste and her understanding, rendered the place a perfect paradise, and the inhabitants all angels.

In four years the young lady was supposed to have finished her education, and she then received a desirable offer of marriage, which, it was understood, would be concluded in the course of another year. This unpleasant intelligence had been communicated by Eliza to her parents, who, aware that her home was now even less provided with comforts than at the time of her removal, endeavoured to procure for her another situation somewhat prematurely. The great pecuniary offer of a rich family just arrived from the East Indies, occupying a splendid villa near Highgate, induced them to make an agreement on her behalf, at which her late friends expressed dissatisfaction, but did not resist her acceptance of it.

If Eliza went out a timid child in the first instance, to whom it was a heavy trial to leave a beloved though humble home still less was she now calculated to encounter any species of difficulty. All the enervating influence of luxury and parental tenderness, increased by constant deference and a compassionate regard for her dependence, had its full effect upon a mind whose natural acute sensibilities had been exercised by early sorrows. I remember thinking her at this moment the most attractive person I had ever beheld. She was just twenty-one, and her person, aided perhaps a little by that attention which might be termed in her case a duty, was singularly elegant.

She was above the middle height, and was not only graceful, but majestic in her form; though this character was opposed by the expression of her face, which was remarkable for an appearance of childlike ingenuousness, and that modest, deprecating, yet confiding air, which grew out of her past sorrows and her present happiness. Exquisitely fair, with pleasing rather than perfect features, surrounded by a profusion of tresses which just escaped from the insipidity of the flaxen hue by assuming tints of the softest brown, and with teeth of perfect whiteness and symmetry, Eliza was as nearly a beauty as any woman could well desire to be; but her late pupil had been deemed so decidedly one, and was in that respect of so different a description, that it had not entered the mind of my heroine hitherto, that she had the slightest pretensions. Her dress, her manners, even her graceful motions, were adopted from native perceptions of propriety, or a sense of what was professionally demanded from her in the way of example, and therefore the most finished elegance was in her united with the greatest simplicity and the most retiring humility.

The proud fond mother beheld these traits with an aching heart, though she pointed them out to her youngest children for their examples. At the house of the great nabob, she had been admitted to a short decisive conference only, on the subject of her daughter's qualifications, in which little deference had been shown to her opinions, and little attention to her feelings, although she had not now to learn that both were usually expressed in a manner to strike, or touch, those with whom she conversed, being herself a woman of highly cultivated mind and superior address. The fond hope, that even pride would yield kindness, and rejoice in distinguishing her darling, alone enabled her to give her up to a situation which could not fail to be a much greater trouble than the first removal had been.

Eliza still knew very little of the world, and she felt as if this were indeed her *first* entrance into it, and one that filled her with dismay, when Mrs Swainston, with a languid air of eastern *hauteur*, condescended to receive her by a slight inclination of the head.

"Oh! you are the young person I expected to take charge of the Miss Swainstons—Miss Rosewood—isn't that your name?"—A simple affirmative sufficed for an answer.—"You lived at sir Hugh Somebody's, I remember—where did he live?—in the city, I suppose?"—"Sir Hugh Hardcastle has a house in Hanoversquare, but he resides principally at Hardcastle Manor, in Yorkshire, where his ancestors have lived."—"Oh, I remember—Sowpee, take this person—this lady, to her rooms, and—(heigh ho)—if you find any thing deficient, any thing that—in short, you will inform me what you want, (mighty genteel for certain)."—the words in parentheses undesignedly broke on Eliza's ear, as she followed the steps of her sable conductress, who assured "Misse dat de littel ladie was all true Ingils."

These angelic natures were threefold, and consisted of the pouting, the petulant and the passionate. The "dear open-hearted little creatures" had hitherto shown their several humours without restriction, and, when informed that all around them were persons either bought by papa's money, or hired by it, saw no good reason why the new governess should not be subjected to the same tyranny under which all others had lived within their memories. Yet, as the three girls had no fondness for each other, each would uphold her instructress against the other sisters, and blame them for exacting too much from her ready subserviency. Their dissensions were sometimes even clamorous; but, as children have in general a sense of justice, these young ladies, while they sparred with each other, did not accuse their governess either of neglect or impropriety of behaviour. When

their mama, like a sultana, dragged her supine steps into the school-room, and demanded the cause of the uproar which she had heard, or complained of the summons for her presence, they used to acquit poor Miss Rosewood, while each declared that the poor lady led the life of a dog with her two other pupils.

Mrs Swainston had originally concluded that on coming to England her untaught children would acquire intuitively, and almost instantaneously, all the accomplishments included in the idea of an English education; and she expected this would be done in some very fashionable seminary, where all wants are supplied, and all arts are taught, for that precious commodity of which she knew her husband to be the abundant possessor. On the first arrival of the family, three months before, she had endeavoured to place her darlings in a situation of this kind; but, to her utter astonishment, she found that the mistresses of such establishments were altogether persons who, either from their virtues or vices, their integrity or pride, were altogether as independent as herself:—they would either take the young ladies on the same terms as other children, exercise over them the same jurisdiction, and exact the same obedience, or they would not take them at all. They protested, that, notwithstanding the boasted excellence of the new systems, yet so far as their experience went, it served to prove, that if children were to be taught they must apply, and that, although they never had any child brought under their roofs who was not one of most remarkable genius, or at least extraordinary talent, every one of these little prodigies required also industry, time and unremitting vigilance to render those talents effective.

Whilst these inquiries were passing, the result of which was every way disagreeable, and almost insulting, Mrs Swainston learned that governesses were exceedingly fashionable; that young women could be



had who taught every thing, provided you paid highly, or that a cheaper article with the addition of masters would answer as well. The idea of the latter was most attractive in the first instance, because it humoured her in the hope of finding that subserviency which hitherto had evaded her grasp, from the hour of her arrival. Even the very housemaids would say, "Ma'am, I knows what's what! I has done my work, an I expects to be used like a Christian." Those who were less vulgar, she thought, would be more complying; and those who could not labor, and yet must live by personal exertion, might have the sense to stoop and to flatter.

The widow of a clergyman, and the daughter of an officer, each of whom had strong personal recommendations, but neither of whom had been educated for the task, were engaged successively, and each, after a month's trial, had preferred other though humbler homes. On this Mrs Swainston changed her plan; she wanted (she said) a superior governess, and offered a superior salary. In this she was wise, since poor Eliza, though harassed almost beyond her power of endurance, and by this time fully conscious that she merited far different treatment, was unwilling to resign her situation; the remembrance of the beloved family at home, to whom her gains were devoted, still held her in bondage. This assistance was the more called for now, as her long-declining father was on his death-bed; her only brother, a boy of great promise, required positive assistance; and three young girls were still uneducated. The thought of their wants and their sorrows not only induced her to struggle with her troubles, but to bear them in silence: the effect, however, could not be concealed; the pure bloom she had brought from Hardcastle-Manor faded fast, and her slight form became attenuated and feeble.

Mr Swainston was a busy, good-natured man, with little of that affectation which belongs to eastern specu-

lators. Content with getting money, he left it to his young and handsome wife to spend it, and few persons could labour better in their vocation than she generally did. The house and its entertainments, which were numerous and extravagant, were under her management, and her demands on his purse for dress and personal ornaments were proportionate; yet he knew that there were cases in which his lady was careful even to meanness. Having satisfied himself as to the table generally provided for the young ladies and their governess, he inquired if the doctor had been consulted about Miss Rosewood, "who seemed in a very *peaking* way." The careless cruelty displayed in his lady's answer led him to speak often on the subject to his son; for he had a son, who was a young man of much consequence in the family, and whose attention was thereby drawn to the drooping but not less interesting girl. Mr Swainston, like many other adventurers, married, in the first place, a rich widow for her wealth, and, in the second, a fair maiden for beauty. The former died in giving birth to a son, who inherited a considerable property on attaining the age of twenty one, which was now within a few months of its accomplishment. In order to render him the less likely to marry and demand his fortune, Mrs Swainston had contrived to place him at Oxford; but, as he was now at home for the vacation, and was an object both of affection and pride to the father, they were continually together, and those observations which she refused to hear, were poured into the bosom of the more generous son. —"You have no idea, Alfred, what a lovely girl that was when she came to us, and the poor thing really fades like a flower—take notice how very delicate she looks." Alfred now anxiously observed her beauty, her sensibility, and the wearisome life she led; he became her chivalrous protector, her warm admirer, and finally her professed lover. This

profession was unquestionably facilitated by the painful circumstance of her father's decease, which, however long expected, and in itself perhaps desirable, was deeply affecting. It drew her necessarily for a few days to her own home, and showed her to the young lover in all those endearing points of view which her innate virtues and peculiar situation were calculated to exhibit; and in his eyes she became an object of such transcendent merit and undoubted fascination, that he could no longer conceal his adoration.

"Then blaz'd his smother'd flame avow'd and bold," and was declared, even to his father.

But a flame of a very different nature pervaded the bosom of the lady who held herself sole arbitress on these occasions. Though she had been acting the fine lady for fifteen years, she now betrayed the coarseness of her early habits. Eliza, having recently left the house of mourning, and being rendered only the more awake to vulgar insult, from having so lately received for the first time the language of love, and the tender assiduities of a generous and most respectful attachment, literally sunk beneath the storm, and sought only to fly from its fury. Poor Mr Swainston soothed, and temporised, conscious perhaps that he had first drawn the evil on himself, and not able (as many parents think they are) to justify the first placing of children in temptation, and then condemning them for falling into it,—a thing of perpetual occurrence, as we all know. Besides, he was so far influenced by a sense of equity, as to like better that his son should make honest offers to a good girl than cajoling ones, and repeatedly said to himself, "that the thing might have been worse; that, as her family was good, her conduct excellent, and the boy had a fortune now, and would have a better in due time, there was no great harm in it."

But it was only to himself the good man thus reasoned; for his lady permitted him not to reason with

her. In this she was right; for, as he might have reminded her of her own former situation, and of his son's independence, two points which she seemed to have consigned to oblivion, it was better to carry all with a high hand. It was her pleasure that the young man should be instantly consigned to the care of a friend in Madeira, under the pretence that his health required such a journey, and that by the same rule Miss Rosewood should return to her mother, but only until Alfred set out on his voyage, as she declared "that, when all was *done* and *said*, there was no living without the girl in the house."

Eliza not only complied with this mandate, but positively refused to see the young man, though she did not debar him from writing to her. She earnestly concurred with the request of his father, that he would give himself time to consider maturely a case of so much importance, and finally induced him to limit the period of their present correspondence to the time when he went on board, truly observing, that, if his passion could not stand the test of a few months' absence, it was not calculated for an union for life.

Eliza wept when she repeated this resolution; and, when she returned to her mother, her spirits were evidently agitated, as she reflected on the sorrows and banishment of her lover; but there was something in the calm propriety and firmness hitherto evinced by her which inspired the idea, that, after all, her heart had been affected rather by gratitude than by love. In a heart continually smarting with the wounds inflicted by pride and meanness, and compelled to contrast present troubles with past happiness, a few kind words have a strong effect—no wonder then that the devotedness of a young and handsome man, who in that devotion waged war with contumely and scorn for her sake, should have a positive influence, although he might in happier circumstances excite no decisive preference. It was at least certain, that in a very short time the



long-afflicted girl recovered her equanimity, and resisted with mild dignity every effort to restore her to the situation which she had occupied in Mr Swainston's family; but her health had evidently suffered exceedingly, and the anxious mother was most happy to consign her to those indulgent friends who had long earnestly desired to receive her again at Hardcastle Manor.

In point of fact, Alfred Swainston, though of a very amiable disposition, was ill calculated to be the permanent companion of a mind far superior to his own. His grief on leaving the kingdom was violent, and his resolution to return as soon as his minority should terminate, invincible; but, as he fell into the hands of a very sensible friend on his arrival, these emotions gradually gave way to the suggestions of one who, on principle, dissuaded him from an early and hasty marriage. The conduct of the young lady, as mentioned by Alfred, appeared to this gentleman so wise, that he could not doubt that she had her fears as to the result, and would rejoice in any circumstance which tended to strengthen the character of her lover, whilst it led his friends by degrees to that event which was not to be patiently borne when forced upon them suddenly. When the youth's friend had settled him in comfortable lodgings, introduced him to his father's connections in the island, and seen that he began to be amused with the scenes around him, he set out for Teneriffe.

This gentleman, whose name was Marlow, was about twenty-eight years of age; he had seen much of the world, was a man of sound understanding, cultivated mind, and amiable disposition; and as he knew that his late father had extensive dealings with Mr Swainston, (who was a man of strict probity), he felt himself inclined to render all possible service to the son, and therefore gladly engaged to correspond with him during his absence, though somewhat dreading the receipt of letters full of

lovesick effusions. Of the three which Alfred wrote, one adverted to Eliza, and resented her interdict of a correspondence that might have been his solace; the second gave an account of the arrival from England, at Fonchal, of an invalid lady and her beautiful daughter; and the third was short, but by no means melancholy.

Mr Marlow was detained on his expedition longer than he expected; and it struck him as very probable that, after his return to Madeira and the settlement of his affairs there, young Swainston would accompany him to England, as his minority was now near its expiration, and as so ardent a lover would scarcely brook unnecessary delay. The young gentleman saw him land, but did not meet him with that cordiality which he expected; yet after a short time resumed his usual frankness. Mr Marlow concluded that his reception had been cool, because the last vague letter of Alfred remained unanswered; and he took an opportunity of adverting to the circumstance.—“Oh!” said the youth, “you did right not to answer it; for I know you could say nothing to it. In fact I wanted to see you excessively, as I have much to say which could not be written. I have conquered, quite conquered my foolish attachment, and therefore”—“Therefore you wish to return?”—“Oh no! that is impossible—I am now engaged—yes! positively engaged, to the lovely creature I mentioned in one of my letters; and, her mother being ill, of course we cannot leave her.”—“Positively breaking off one engagement, and as positively contracting another in three months, my dear Alfred, must be considered as”—“Oh! but this is quite another affair. She is a young woman of birth and fortune, and very young indeed—she is in short an angel, and I may as well inform you that we were married on Tuesday. Under the peculiar circumstances of her mother's health, we all thought it desirable to hasten our union.”—“And your poor Eli-

za?"—"Ay, she is a jewel of a girl, I shall always say that, and—I have nothing to say on that point."

Mr Marlow was busy, and for the present not anxious to hear more; but a few weeks afterwards, as he was preparing to embark, young Swainston entered his lodgings with a melancholy air, saying he had just received his own letters in a packet from Eliza, and also a very odd kind of letter from his father, who appeared quite as dissatisfied with his present marriage as with his former engagement; some people, indeed, never were content.—"True, but it is to be hoped you will continue so."

—"Of course I shall; but my present errand is to beg you to take back *these* letters. They are of no possible consequence; but, as Mrs Rosewood has sent back mine, it may satisfy her to have those of Eliza. Before you give them to her, pray seal them up—you may read them if you like, you know."

Nothing could be farther from Mr Marlow's intention than to accept a permission derogatory in him who gave it, and intrusive on the amiable and injured female whom it concerned. Notwithstanding these sentiments, as the voyage proved very tedious, he was induced to read first one, and then another, of these letters, till all were read.—He even read them again and again; and never had all that was gentle, elegant, pure, and lofty in woman, been brought so closely to his mind's eye, or touched his heart so nearly:—"yet," said he, "they do not breathe of *love*; nor could such a girl as this love so mere a boy as Swainston has since proved himself; no, no—circumstances might have induced her to marry him, and good principles would have kept her true to him; but she did not, could not, love him."

Mr Marlow's first care, on arriving in London, was to present the properly sealed packet; but he could only place it in the hands of the mother; and when he with the greatest delicacy, hinted his wishes for the welfare of her daughter, he had

merely the satisfaction of learning that the family had lately received such an addition of property upon the bequest of a friend, as to secure them in a state of humble independence. Mortified and disappointed, he withdrew, and soon after left London itself, as a place in which he had no longer an interest; for, the more he thought, the more desirous he became to see a person in whose praise at this time all the Swainstons were unanimous. Having an estate in the west of England, he set out thither, taking Bath in his road, and for want of other employment went to the rooms, where at least he had the satisfaction of seeing many fine women, and feeling that admiration of his countrywomen, which was natural to a stranger after a long absence.

A gentleman who accompanied him from York-house had answered several inquiries, when one arose respecting an elderly gentleman of dark complexion, on whose arm hung an elegant girl of dazzling fairness. "Can that gentleman be the father of the young beauty leaning on him?" said Marlow.—"No, he is the father of the finest woman in the room, lady William; but he is no relation to his companion, though her merits, I believe, give her a daughter's interest in his kindness."—"That is no wonder; for she is a sweet creature."—"She is; but, though as good and accomplished as she is handsome, having very little fortune, I question whether Miss Rosewood will marry as she deserves."—"Miss Rosewood, say you?—is her name Eliza?"—"Yes, do you know her?"—"I do not, but I will," answered Marlow: and he endeavoured to procure an immediate introduction to Sir Hugh, which was not difficult, as there were many persons in the room well acquainted with his family and his high respectability. In approaching Eliza as a stranger, he had the advantage of learning how far the strength of her mind had conquered the chagrin she had experienced—how far he had been right in believing that her attachment to her false



lover had been that of gratitude, rather than affection.

It will not be surprising, that under these circumstances it was to him delightful to awaken the first warmer emotions in her affectionate bosom, and to make amends for past sorrows by pouring the full boon of virtuous love, and abundant affluence, on one who was calculated to enjoy the former and dignify the latter. Every benevolent bosom will also

conceive the pure pleasure enjoyed by the generous Sir Hugh and his excellent lady, when they thus happily disposed of the sweet flower so kindly fostered by their patronage. This pleasure was rendered still more interesting by the circumstance that their little grandson, the heir of their ancient house, was christened at the time when they celebrated the marriage of his lovely mother's amiable governess.

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SONNETS ADDRESSED TO ISABEL V——.

I.

WE met in secret in the dead of night,  
When none appeared to watch us—not an eye,  
Save the lone dwellers of the silent sky,  
To gaze upon our love and chaste delight ;  
And in that hour's unbroken solitude,  
When the white moon had rob'd her in her beam,  
I thought some vision of a blessed dream,  
Or spirit of the air, before me stood,  
And held communion with me.—In mine ear  
Her voice's sweet notes breath'd not of this earth,  
Her beauty seem'd not of a mortal birth ;  
And in my heart there was an awful fear ;  
A thrill like some deep warning from above,  
That sooth'd its passion to a spirit's love.

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II.

SHE stood before me! the pure lamps of Heaven  
Lit up her soft and beaming eyes, which turn'd  
On me with dying fondness.—My heart burn'd,  
As tremblingly with hers my vows were given ;  
Then softly 'gainst my bosom beat her heart ;  
My loving arms around her form were thrown,  
Binding her heavenly beauty like a zone ;  
While from her lips of ruby, just apart,  
Like bursting roses, sighs of fragrance stole,  
And words of music whisp'ring in mine ear  
Things pure and holy, none but mine should hear ;  
For they were accents utter'd from her soul,  
For which no tongue her innocence reprov'd,  
And breath'd for one who lov'd her, and was lov'd !

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ON FASHIONS.

THE fashion of a thing is the form thereof. "Thou hast fashioned me," thou hast made me : we pay a silversmith five shillings an ounce for the silver of our tea-spoons or our epergne, and five or fifty more for

the fashion, for the making. Fashion is derived from *facio* to make ; the etymology is abstruse.

Hence it is that a man is fashioned by his tailor, or a lady by her mantua-maker and milliner. It is

the tailor who fashions the man : he makes him a man : him, who before that, without the tailor's aid, would have been a thing. The man-midwife produced the substratum into the world—a thing of nought, a *rasa tabula*, a simple *ens*, an *ens* nonentical, unformed, unlicked, endowed with susceptibilities, with susceptibility of clothing, and aspect, and form, and character ; and the tailor forms him, licks him, makes him, fashions him, endows him with a shape and a character, and he becomes fashioned ; and if the tailor be Stultz, he becomes a man of fashion—a fashionable man.

Nature made animals—she is a vile step-mother—and the tailor makes man. Thus the mantua-maker, and the milliner, and the shoe-maker make woman ; woman—heaven's best gift to man, Christian man, below—her best gift to man, Mahometan man, above. What would woman be without those aids ? a nothing ; a variable, inapprehensible, inexplicable, unintelligible, bundle of caprices—not even a thing, as the Romans considered her—not even a moveable, though moveable enough ; but a metaphysical *ens*, a wind influenced by every wind that blows. But she is solidified by muslin, and silk, and crape, and gauze ; and she becomes a tangible substance—a woman of fashion, provided that she is fashioned by Madame Hippolyte or Madame Triaud.

What, indeed, is human nature but a bundle of clothes. What are all the distinctions of society but distinct suits of clothing. And properly, therefore, is man the produce of a tailor. It is he that is the real creator of man ; and such is the importance of his office, that it requires nine tailors to make a man. Much injured race—that is the true solution of this proverb. The tailor taketh satin, and he cutteth it, he carveth ermine, and slasheth velvet—he maketh a suit of clothes and he clappeth a crown on its top, and he falleth down and worshippingeth, and he crieth, Aha ! it is a king. Again,

he taketh scarlet, and gold, and fur ; and he tacketh them together with needles and with thread, and he putteth a sword into its sleeve, and he presenteth it with custard, and he crieth—I have made a Lord Mayor.

What would the pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war, nay, the very army itself be, but for the tailor. It is not the man, but his coat, that fights ; the courage lies in the uniform ; it is the courage of the 42d suits of clothes ; and hence also the burning valour of the 10th dragoons, the valour of its sabretashes and gilded boots, as all the energy of a lancer is embodied in his trencher cap ; just as the learning of the Almas, the triangles of Cambridge and the Greek of Oxford, are the produce of a square bit of board and a silk tassel. Hence it is, that all great conquerors, such as Frederic William and his Majesty, (God bless him and the Duke of York,) are also the great clothiers, the great tailors, the fabricators of collars, and facings, and courage, and victory. What is a battalion ? see it at a review : it is a long line of coats and pantaloons, red above and white below. What makes the unfledged, unformed, nothingless youth, an ensign, a cornet, a soldier, a hero ?—It is the red coat. What makes all the young ladies “fall in love” with him ?—It is the red coat. The silk and the muslin fall in love with the scarlet and the lace ; they elope together to Gretna Green : the rest is nothing. Strip the army, and what is an army ?—Nothing. It is the tailor who makes armies and conquers victory.

Thus also do twenty-four wigs sit on a bench covered with red cloth, to prove Paddy a Pagan. A man cannot even be hanged without the order of a square cap ; and such also is the difference between prunella and silk, that it costs a man twice as much to be plundered of his property by the latter as by the former. And thus the gown of prunella envies the gown of silk, and frets itself, and goes into opposition, because the



produce of a sheep is not that of a silk-worm.

The very law acknowledges that the suit of clothes is the man itself, and that the rest is nothing ; a post, a horse, to hang them on. We may steal the child as we please ; but woe be to him that steals the suit of clothes. Doctors may resurrect the body, cut it into pieces, and cram it into bottles ; but the doctor who resurrects the clothes, goes to Botany Bay. In short, from the coal-heaver to the chancellor, from Drury to Almack's, human nature is a Monmouth Street, a collection of suits—black, white, and grey—silk, gauze, and frivolity—leather and prunella—goats' hair and gold lace.

Thus is fashion all, and all in all. And, according to the fashion of the clothes, are the fashion of the man and the fashion of the woman.

Hence is its sway predominant, as it ought to be. Being all, it ought to be every thing. To be in the fashion is to exist, it is existence itself : to be out of it, is non-existence ; it is oblivion, death, and the grave. It is beauty, morality, every thing—not dress alone ; its sway is unbounded, its powers unlimited, its sanctions unquestionable, and its decrees, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, irreversible.

For, if the coat makes the man, and fashion makes the coat, then does fashion make the man. And thus the man who is fashioned, is fashioned in every thing ; not only in his coat, but in his carriage, his horses, his wife, his house, his conduct, his principles, his politics, his literature. All is fashion, and fashion is all, in every thing.

There is a metaphysical concatenation which links the whole together. Or, as the full-fashioned man must be perfect, whatever he chooses, follows, drinks, performs, thinks, rides, votes, or bets, must be equally fashioned and fashionable. It is the model and the pattern to follow by him who would also be fashionable. It is his opinion, conduct, morality ; his dictate of conscience, his moral law.

Thus have we traced man, society, every thing, to the tailor and the mantua-maker ; and to them also we trace beauty, grace, taste. And hence have moral writers justly laid down that great principle, that there can be no standard of taste. Now, indeed, should there be a standard of taste, an unerring principle of grace, an undeviating line of beauty, as poor Hogarth imagined, unless Mr Stultz and Madame Triaud were as eternal as the wandering Jew, unless all the essence of all the tailors and mantua-makers, and milliners, and hat-makers, and boot-makers, and shoemakers, and coach-makers, and upholsterers that ever will exist, were concentrated in one man or woman of each species, and that species invariable, unchangeable, immovable to all winds of doctrine.

The thing cannot be. And, therefore, there is no standard of taste ; and beauty is a creation varying with every new patent, every new crotch-et ; a thing to be made, and unmade, and remade, as Stultz shall succeed to Stultz, or Brummel to Brummel, as Tailor shall yield to Vandervelde, and Vandervelde to Schaller, or as Hertford or Conyngham shall reign Venus ascendant in the first, second, or third, or in all the houses of Mars.

Thus it is that we endeavour in vain to fix this fleeting spirit, this "essential form of grace," which is unessential, changing with every wind that blows. And thus it is that we admire and adore the fair, that lovely part of creation, fashion's favourite child, whether rustling in silk, angled with satin, or flowing in muslin like white-robed innocence. Whether mounted on heels of wood, peaked like a lance, squared to the obtuseness of Paris, or rounded to an ellipse, the foot of beauty is always beauty : it carries its arrows to the heart, whether of morocco or kid, or prunella, or satin, lilac, scarlet, white, blue, green, or black, sandalled or Wellingtoned, Brunswicked, or Yorked.

Thus, too, whether gipsy prevails, or Oldenburgh, coal-scuttle, or Qua-

ker ; whether she fan the idle air with topgallantsails of Leghorn, or wave in plumed or hearsed, chivalry, or undertakery, she cannot err ; fashion is beauty, and beauty is fashion. Waists contract and expand, anon she is a wasp, and anon a barrel : now she diminishes the equatorial diameter, and now she enlarges it ; zones ascend and descend from the seat of honour to the seat of the heart ; the seat of honour itself undergoes a sudden development, and again it vanishes : cushions are transferred from region to region, from the Hottentot region to the head ; the bosom now is hidden, that the spectator may riot in scapular charms and spinal vales ; and, again tuckers descend till descent becomes once more precarious, while the balance of compensation restores to concealment that of which the repose should never have been disturbed. Yet, like the moon through all her changing phases, she is always beauty, for she is always fashion.

Is it possible to be serious on all this folly ? We ought, at least, to attempt it. Whatever moralists, metaphysicians, and artists may dispute about taste or beauty, it is certain that, if we take extremes at least, there is a wrong and a right, something that pleases and something that displeases, independently of all custom and all fashions. It is scarcely possible that the opposed extremes of form shall be beautiful, and that the same shall be true of all the intermediate stages ; it is still less possible that the form which is beautiful in 1824 shall be hideous in 1825 ; or that the beauty of dress, of shape, substance, colour, disposition, which delights us in April shall be that which makes us faint with horror in June.

Yet so it is with all those who are guided by fashion—by that magical term, the sound of which conveys, in itself, beauty, grace, taste, every thing. And as it is chiefly the lovely sex which is under this influence, to them must we direct our remonstrances. It is a lovely sex ; and yet, with all its charms, it owes more

to dress than it is always willing to admit. The experiment is easily tried. Take the whole bright parterre at Almack's, every lily and rose-bud that blooms in that garden of sweets, and dress it up in coats and pantaloons and cropped heads. It would prove a kind of Westminster school, where the lover would be at a loss to know the object of his adoration ; and we suspect that beauty would soon discover the debts which it owes to gauze, and feathers, and silk, and to all and every thing which segregates it from the pantalooned and shock-headed part of creation.

And, by the way, this is an experiment by which the fair might learn to profit, would they but perpend it. Woman gains nothing by being reduced to the nudity of man ; and the nearer she approximates to him, the greater hazard she runs of forfeiting those charms which she will find to be rather more adventitious than she sometimes thinks. She loses something by every inch that she approaches him in her aspect and adornments, in the one as in the other. It is her interest to remain as far separated as possible, to surround herself with every *prestige* that can make her a distinct sex, whether to that she add the ornaments over which she has the command, or not. The petticoat is the essence of woman ; it is woman ; and woe to her who, in more senses than one, would “wear the breeches.” We know not how to approach a delicate female in woollen, the very idea of the touch of wool is unfeminine—masculine. Even the riding habit is scarcely justified by its apparent necessity (for it is not necessary) ; and when combined with a beaver hat and Hessian boots, we would as lieve think of making love to an officer of dragoons. We doubt the whole invention, riding and all ; and let the equitant race be assured that they lose much more than they gain by this “vaulting ambition.”

There is not an atom of the male attire in which the charming sex does



not suffer, in male estimation ; and if dress is to be the labour and object of their lives, if it is the *primum natum* and the *ultimum moriens*, the end and purpose of their lives here below, that end is to charm man, to gain his approbation, and excite his love. The sex is too apt to dress to itself, and to forget him to whom alone it ought to dress ; and let it be assured that man is the true judge and critic, that critic which it ought to study and please. It suffers by every male assumption, by even that of the masculine shoe ; a national dis-

tingtion exciting the scorn and reprobation of Paris, better skilled in the charms and *chaussure* of a female foot, and better knowing that

From the hoop's enchanting round,  
Her very shoe has power to wound.

It has wounded, from King Solomon to Cinderella's monarch, from Holofernes to the wife of Bath ; but what other wound than a good kick is likely to be inflicted by a great hulking, double-soled, English machine, well blacked by Warren, Hunt, Day and Martin.

*Concluded in our next.*

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### A LECTURE, &c.\*

BY W. ELLERY CHANNING, D. D. BOSTON, NEW-ENGLAND.

**T**HIS is an unassuming little work, of six-and-forty pages, thrown upon the world, unrecommended by any pompous display of deep learning or metaphysical subtlety. We had scarcely read half-a-dozen pages, however, before we were quite convinced that the author was a man of sound judgment and clear understanding, and the remainder of the work proved that he was equally correct in feeling, and refined in taste. We think that it unites all the requisites of a standard treatise on the Christian religion. In the first place, it is short. In the next, there is much for the head, good plain common sense, intelligible to all ; and, in the third place, there is very much for the heart.

Paley's evidences, excellent as it is as a work, is much too long. Not one man in twenty thousand has a command over his attention sufficient to sit down doggedly to understand his two propositions, each of which, if we remember right, requires eight or ten chapters to develop it entirely. The distance between the first

and last links of the chain of reasoning, is too great to allow us to retain all the intermediate connexions. Then the style is as uninviting as it could be, at least to us. Addison is too diffuse. Grotius, which in our opinion is by far the most satisfactory work upon the subject, is too dry and learned for the generality. Christianity is preached to the peasant as well as to the philosopher. Its evidences, therefore, should be accessible to the one as well as to the other. There is nothing incompatible in the idea, the best works are those which are always most popular. Leslie's most excellent work contains irrefutable arguments in favour of Christianity, but it is rather too logical, requiring more attention than men in general are willing to afford any subject, however important.

A treatise on the evidences of Christianity should be deeply imbued with the spirit of Saint Paul. It should be, "All things to all men." The reasoning should be plain, manly, and profound, for the logician. The style should be elegant for the

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\* A Discourse on the Evidences of Revealed Religion, delivered before the University in Cambridge, at the Dudleian Lecture, March 14, 1821. By William Ellery Channing, D. D. Minister of the Congregational Church in Federal-Street, Boston, New-England. R. Hunter, St Paul's Church-yard, London.

† ATHENEUM, VOL. 4. 2d series.

man of taste—and the man of feeling should be moved by the portraiture of the most exalted characters that ever sojourned on this earth. For our own part, we must own that our Saviour's character, considered as that of a man only, affords one of the strongest proofs of his being a God, that we can imagine. And yet how rarely is this view of the subject ever brought forward! The saints may talk as they will of our depravity, but we assert, that it is out of our power not to be moved with the good and the beautiful, and equally so, not to detest the vicious and the deformed. Who ever rejoiced in the successful villainy of Iago—or who does not feel his detestation of vice strengthened, rather than weakened by such a display? It is a principle of the mind, as stable as the mind itself, to venerate the good, and detest the bad; and no man, however depraved, fails to acknowledge the force of this power—where did the ancients find their gods? In their heroes—for such was the strength of this instinctive feeling, that they could not but people the heavens with those beings, who had been the benefactors of the human race while on earth. And yet, if they deserved the veneration of enlightened nations, how much more so the “man Jesus!”

This view of our Saviour's character has many advantages, we were almost saying over every other—we are all of us capable of appreciating the social and kindred affections, of recognizing the sacrifices that one man makes for another. These touch the heart, and for them we have a *human sympathy*. But place before us a long train of intricate reasoning, to prove that there is a wonderful Being, at whose command the elements are congregated into form, and whose powers are illimitable—we may fear, we may wonder—but we shall rarely love. We, who are laymen, and who do not trouble ourselves much with controversial divinity, must confess that it was in the sublimity of its precepts, and in the loveliness of the conduct of its founder, that we felt

the truth of the Christian religion. Tell any person unacquainted with Christianity, that there was such a character as Jesus, and he must venerate him.

Tell him that he was possessed of so wonderful a mind, that even as a boy the most learned of his nation hearkened unto him, and were amazed at his doctrines; and yet, withal, that his character, too, was so simple, mild, unaffected, and kind, that little children loved to approach and be near him—that his whole life was dedicated to the good of others—that he was so disinterested, that when consulted by the rich, he bade them divide their fortunes with the poor and needy, although he himself “had not where to lay his head”—that he was so tender a son, that even in the pangs of an agonizing death, he enjoined the friend whom he loved to take his mother home, and be the support of her old age—so warm a patriot, that he wept bitterly when he thought on his country's downfall—so patient and meek of spirit, that when hanging on the cross, and pierced, he uttered not a single complaint—so forgiving, that amid the ten thousand curses of his enemies who had crucified him, one solitary prayer broke from his lips, alone, and mingling with them, ascended to the footstool of the Almighty, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!”

In a popular work on the evidences of Christianity, therefore, this view should not, in our opinion, be lost sight of.—Let all the overwhelming reasons, too, which the talent and industry of our divines have collected, be mingled with those deductions from Scripture, which, from their innate beauty, have furnished innumerable subjects for the poet and the painter, and we will venture to say, that such a work, so executed, will ensure the gratitude of all mankind.

Such a work is really wanted. Atheism is not so rare a blindness of intellect as is generally thought. We ourselves are acquainted with more than one who retain such opinions—



men of exemplary conduct, too. So far from abhorring, we consider them as objects of our sincere commiseration. We were told of one gentleman, who, at the age of eighty, wrote down the grounds of his dissent, in the hopes that the friend to whom he showed the manuscript, might answer them satisfactorily. He would have given half his fortune to have been convinced of the truth of Christianity. A work of the nature we mean might have effected the desirable change, for he was a man who had been *reasoning* all his life.

To write such a work requires a combination of excellencies which rarely co-exist. Dr. Channing might probably attempt it himself; a very little enlargement of the plan, and a little more attention to the detail of his "lecture," would embrace all that we mean.

By the way, while we recommend the attention to those beauties with which Scripture abounds, we beg leave to put in our dissent to those "*appeals of the heart*," as they are called, which we have too often heard in Scotland, and even in England. In us these rhapsodies have only produced disgust. For the most part, they are made up of scraps of scripture snatched at hazard, and sent forth like grape-shot, to hit whom they may. The men that utter them are, for the most part, illiterate, and, what is strange, proud in being unlearned—why, we know not.

We presume, however, that a discourse in bad English must be of wonderfully greater efficacy than one in which the rules of grammar are observed.

It is a fashion to follow them, because it is said they are in earnest. We give them all the credit they desire for being sincere Christians; but, do their followers imagine, that because a man is a sincere Christian, therefore he is fit for a Christian teacher? At that rate, the peasant, who is touched by the wonders of astronomy, is admirably calculated for expounding the Principia of Newton. It has been thrown in our

teeth that the Apostles were illiterate fishermen, and that twelve cobblers of London were as fit instruments as twelve fishermen of Judæa. We wish these people would turn to a sermon of that sound divine and accomplished scholar, Horsley. They would there learn that the Apostles were inspired with that knowledge for which the Christian teacher of our day is expected to toil. We certainly regard such teachers of the "word" as really mischievous, being convinced that half our mad-houses are furnished from their tabernacles. To the weak and sensitive they make the mild doctrines of Christianity terrific. As for ourselves, who of course look upon ourselves as neither weak nor sensitive, their rhapsodies only recal the butt-end of an ancient cavalier song—

From cushion-pounders and from those  
Who snuffle out their unlearned zeal in  
prose,  
As if the road to heaven was through the  
nose!  
*Libera nos!*

It is time, however, to present the reader with a few specimens of our author's little work.

"We are never to forget that God's adherence to the order of the universe is not necessary and mechanical, but intelligent and voluntary. He adheres to it not for its own sake, or because it has a sacredness which compels him to respect it; but simply because it is most suited to accomplish purposes in which he is engaged. It is a means, and not an end; and, like all other means, must give way when the end can best be promoted without it. It is the mark of a weak mind to make an idol of order and method; to cling to established forms of business, when they clog instead of advancing it. If then the great purposes of the universe can best be accomplished by departing from its established laws, these laws will undoubtedly be suspended; and though broken in the letter, they will be observed in their spirit; for the ends, for which they were first instituted, will be advanced by their violation. Now the ques-

tion arises, for what purposes were nature and its order appointed? and there is no presumption in saying, that the highest of these is the improvement of intelligent beings. Mind, (by which we mean both moral and intellectual powers,) is God's first end. The great purpose, for which an order of nature is fixed, is plainly the formation of Mind. In a creation without order, where events would follow without any regular succession, it is obvious that Mind must be kept in perpetual infancy; for, in such a universe, there could be no reasoning from effects to causes, no induction to establish general truths, no adaptation of means to ends; that is, no science relating to God, or matter, or mind; no action; no virtue. The great purpose of God then, I repeat it, in establishing the order of nature, is to form and advance the mind; and if the case should occur in which the interests of the mind could best be advanced by departing from this order, or by miraculous agency, then the great purpose of the creation, the great end of its laws and regularity, would demand such departure; and miracles, instead of warring against, would concur with nature."

The following views are quite novel to us, and we think them so deserving of attention, that we shall not apologize in extracting the passage.—

"Before quitting the general consideration of miracles, I ought to take some notice of Hume's celebrated argument on this subject; not that it merits the attention which it has received, for infidelity has seldom forged a weaker weapon; but because it is specious, and has derived weight from the name of its author. The argument is briefly this.—'That belief is founded upon and regulated by experience. Now we often experience testimony to be false, but never witness a departure from the order of nature. That men may deceive us when they testify to miracles, is therefore more accordant with experience, than that nature should be irregular; and hence there is a bal-

ance of proof against miracles, a presumption so strong as to outweigh the strongest testimony.'

1. "This argument affirms, that the credibility of facts, or statements, is to be decided by their accordance with the established order of nature, and by this standard only. Now, if nature comprehended all existences and all powers, this position might be admitted: but if there is a Being higher than nature, the origin of all its powers and motions, and whose character falls under our notice and experience as truly as the creation, then there is an additional standard to which facts and statements are to be referred; and works which violate nature's order will still be credible, if they agree with the known properties and attributes of its author; because for such works we can assign an adequate cause and sufficient reasons, and these are the qualities and conditions on which credibility depends.

2. "This argument of Hume proves too much, and therefore proves nothing. It proves too much; for if I am to reject the strongest testimony to miracles, because testimony has often deceived me, whilst nature's order has never been found to fail, then I ought to reject a miracle, even if I should see it with my own eyes, and if all my senses should attest it; for all my senses have sometimes given false reports, whilst nature has never gone astray; and therefore, be the circumstances ever so decisive or inconsistent with deception, still I must not believe what I see, and hear, and touch; what my senses, exercised according to the most deliberate judgment, declare to be true. All this the argument requires.—And it proves too much; for disbelief, in the case supposed, is out of our power, and is instinctively pronounced absurd; and what is more, it would subvert that very order of nature on which the argument rests; for this order of nature is learned only by the exercise of my senses and judgment, and if these fail me, in the most unexceptionable



circumstances, then their testimony to nature is of little worth.

“Once more : This argument is built on an ignorance of the nature of testimony, and it is surprising that this error has not been more strikingly exposed. Testimony, we are told, cannot prove a miracle. Now, the truth is, that testimony, of itself and immediately, proves no fact whatever, not even the most common. Testimony can do nothing more than show us the state of another's mind in regard to a given fact. It can only show us that the testifier has a belief, a conviction, that a certain phenomenon or event has occurred. Here testimony stops ; and the reality of the event is to be judged altogether from the nature and degree of this conviction, and from the circumstances under which it exists. This conviction is an effect which must have a cause, and needs to be explained ; and if no cause can be found but the real occurrence of the event, then this occurrence is admitted as true. Such is the extent of testimony. Now, a man who affirms a miraculous phenomenon, or event, may give us just as decisive proofs, by his character and conduct, of the strength and depth of his conviction, as if he were affirming a common occurrence. Testimony, then, does just as much in the case of miracles as of common events ; that is, it discloses to us the conviction of another's mind. Now, this conviction, in the case of miracles, requires a cause, an explanation, as much as in every other ; and if the circumstances be such, that it could not have sprung up and been established but by the reality of the alleged miracle, then that great and fundamental principle of human belief, namely, that

every effect must have a cause, compels us to admit the miracle.”

This celebrated sophism of Hume is very well answered, we think, in the above extract.

We offer one short passage more, in illustration of the force of evidence arising from a view of our Saviour's character.—

“ These various particulars I cannot attempt to unfold. One or two may be illustrated, to show you the mode of applying the principles which I have laid down. I will take first the *character of Jesus Christ*. How is this to be explained by the principles of human nature ?—We are immediately struck with this peculiarity in the Author of Christianity, that whilst all other men are formed in a measure by the spirit of the age, we can discover in Jesus no impression of the period in which he lived. We know with considerable accuracy the state of society, the modes of thinking, the hopes and expectations of the country in which Jesus was born and grew up ; and he is as free from them, and as exalted above them, as if he had lived in another world, or, with every sense shut on the objects around him. His character has in it nothing local or temporary. It can be explained by nothing around him. His history shows him to us a solitary being, living for purposes which none but himself comprehended, and enjoying not so much as the sympathy of a single mind. His apostles, his chosen companions, brought to him the spirit of the age ; and nothing shows its strength more strikingly, than the slowness with which it yielded in these honest men to the instructions of Jesus.”

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STANZAS TO JESSY.

It is not, lady, charms like thine,  
Where all are borrow'd that can move,  
A heart of simple truth, like mine,  
To admiration's thrill of love.

While on thy radiant eyes I gaze,  
I'd bow before their magic blue ;  
But when my own to heaven I raise,  
I see from whence they stole their hue.

Perchance, the deep and crimson dye,  
Which on thy cheek so richly glows,  
Might fan the flame of passion's sigh,  
If 'twere not plunder'd from the rose.

Each golden curl upon thy brow  
Long since in chains my soul had caught,  
If every tress I did not know  
Had by the silk-worm's skill been  
wrought.

Thy pouting lip, so soft and red,  
Thy flowery breath of fragrant balm,  
Would blend a spell so full of dread,  
'Twere vain to hope escape from harm.

But, truth, I deem both breath and lip  
Were gained from—what? I know not  
well;  
Oh! let me once their treasures sip,  
And then, sweet love, I'll guess and tell.

#### THE WARRIOR'S TOMB.

O'er yonder lowly verdant mound  
The cypress sheds her sable gloom,  
The wind moans heavily around,  
And sighs above the warrior's tomb.

The morn arose—the sunbeam shone  
On helm, and plume, and glittering spear;  
The trumpet sang! and every tone  
Was rapture to the warrior's ear.

In every tone he heard the call,  
Of home, and friends, and native land;  
He hail'd the hour to fight, to fall,  
Or conquer with his warrior-band.

He fought—he fell—and o'er his head  
A brightness kindled from on high;

And while his glorious spirit fled,  
The trumpet shouted "Victory."

They laid him in his lowly grave,  
And many a manly tear was shed;  
Where now the cypress loves to wave  
In sadness o'er the mighty dead.

And here, 'tis said, at dewy eve,  
A shadowy form is seen to stray,  
Then start, as though she could perceive,  
The trumpet's echoing far away.

And hither, where his cold corse lies,  
From weeping friends, and native home,  
Affection's warmest tears, and sighs,  
Are wafted to the warrior's tomb.

#### WAR.

##### BRUTALIZING TENDENCY OF WAR.

**W**AR is by no means a school of humanity, nor drawing room pastime. It tends to harden the heart, and render men callous to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. "When the French army," says M. Miot, "was about to remove from Tentoura, many wretches remained on the sea-shore who waited to be removed.—Among them was a soldier afflicted with the plague, who, in the delirium which mostly accompanies it, imagined, on perceiving the army in motion, that he was about to be abandoned. His mind at once portrayed to him the frightful extent of his misfortune; and the horror of falling into the hands of the Arabs, so strongly affected his feelings, that he attempted following the troops on foot. Seizing for this purpose his knapsack, on which his head had rest-

ed, he twice essayed to walk; at the third effort he sunk down near the water's edge, and became rivetted to the spot which fate had destined him for a tomb. The reader will perhaps imagine, that this poor soldier's comrades stopped to help him, and support his tottering steps;—no such thing! on the contrary, he was only an object of disgust and derision to them. They shrunk from him as from the blast of the desert, and indulged in brutal mirth at his reeling motions, which resembled those of a drunken person. 'He has got his quarters,' exclaimed one:—'He will not go far,' exclaimed another:—and when the hapless wretch fell for the last time, some had the barbarity to add, '*He has made good his lodgment!*'"

In the retreat of Sir John Moore from Spain, in 1808-9, "I have seen,"



says the Journal of a soldier of the 71st regiment, "officers of the guards and others, worth thousands, with pieces of old blanket wrapt round their feet and legs,—the men pointing at them with a malicious satisfaction, saying, 'there goes 3000*l.* a year!' or, 'There goes the prodigal son on his return to his father, cured of his wanderings!' Even in the midst of all our sorrows, there was a bitterness of spirit, a savageness of wit, that made a jest of its own sufferings."

#### FLOWERS OF CHIVALRY.

Edward of England, commonly called the Black Prince, was, we are told, endowed with every virtue, civil as well as military. At the taking of Limoges, however, in 1376, this paragon of princes was so enraged at what he was pleased to call the treachery and resistance he had met with, that he determined to satisfy his vengeance in the blood of its inhabitants; an indiscriminate slaughter was accordingly commanded, and upwards of 3000 men, women, and children paid the forfeit of their lives, to appease the choler of the conqueror of Cressy and Poitiers.

About 1667, the great Turenne received orders to lay waste the province of Alsace; he was too great a disciplinarian to disobey; but the commands forwarded were so literally carried into execution, that even those who issued them desired that the havoc might cease. "'Tis very well," coolly observed this hero, "I will insert the minister's desire in the order of the day!"

In 1678, the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England, *possessing full knowledge at the time*, that peace with France had been signed at Nimeguen, attacked the French marshal de Luxembourg; in this battle about 4000 men, not to speak of the wounded, lost their lives, sacrificed to the vanity and wantonness of glorious king William.

In 1740, Frederick the Great of Prussia commenced hostilities against Austria, and at the head of a large army invaded Silesia. What was

the real motive for the war—a war by which thousands lost their lives, and as many more were condemned to pain and sorrow for the remainder of their existence? We will answer this question: Frederick was young, rich, enamoured with glory, troubled with few scruples, and wanted something to do. The Brandenburg monarch was troubled with the blue devils, and set about plundering and cutting of throats to chase away the vapors. This was a philosophical hero!

#### MILITARY EXECUTIONS.

When Saladin, king of Egypt, refused to ratify the capitulation of Acre, the king of England, Richard I., ordered all his prisoners, to the number of 5000, to be butchered; and the Saracens found themselves obliged to retaliate on the Christians with the like cruelty.

The morning after the battle of Cressy, won by Edward III., was foggy; and as the English observed that many of the enemy had lost their way in the night, and in the mist, they employed a stratagem to bring them into their power. They erected on the eminences some French standards, which they had taken in the battle; and all who were allured by this false signal were put to the sword, and no quarter given them.

Oliver Cromwell having made a breach in the walls of Tredah, in Ireland, immediately ordered the assault. Though twice repulsed with loss he renewed the attack; and himself, along with Ireton, led on his men. All opposition was overborne by the furious valor of the troops. The town was taken sword in hand; and orders being issued to give no quarter, a cruel slaughter was made of the garrison. Even a few who were saved by the soldiers, satiated with blood, were next day miserably butchered by order of Cromwell.

The battle of Frawenstead was fought in 1706. The earl of Scullenbourg commanded the Russians; the grand marshal Renschild led on the Swedes. The combat did not last a quarter of an hour; the Saxons made no resistance. The Muscovite army

was completely defeated : it in fact only marched on the field to run away ; and this was accomplished so speedily, that 7000 loaded muskets were picked up on the ground, their owners not having had time to discharge them. A corps of 6000 Russians threw themselves on their knees,

and pleaded for mercy, but they were inhumanly massacred six hours after the strife was over, and this because some of their compatriots had behaved ill elsewhere, but chiefly because it was not known what to do with them.

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BROTHER JONATHAN ; OR, THE NEW-ENGLANDERS.

**W**E do not expect the high features of romance in tales connected with so new an establishment as the republic of the United States : yet pleasing and striking stories may be drawn by a man of talent from the varied incidents of American life and society ; and the present author has contrived, by skilful management, to keep up a continuity of interest, instead of diffusing languor over the feelings of his readers.

The history of a New-England family, in the revolutionary period, forms the chief feature of this work ; but it is varied by the introduction of many other characters, among which even real personages appear with their proper attributes. The hero seems to be Walter Harwood, though Jonathan Peters may be considered by some in that light. The remarkable adventures of both these Americans are detailed with spirit ; a mystery hangs about them, which is at length elucidated ; and the novel terminates with a marriage between Walter and Edith, the heroine, whose character and manners in early life are thus noticed.

“ She was very girlish, very spirited, and quite singular in her whole appearance ; with rich, plentiful hair, always in the way of herself, or somebody else ; a pale complexion ; large hazel eyes, full of moonlight and water, never still for a moment : one hour she was a woman, the next a child, a baby, a simpleton, with hardly wit enough to keep herself out of the fire. Now she would be found sitting in a corner alone, purple with cold, poring over some great,

heavy, serious book, such as no other child of her age ever thought of poring over ; and, after a little time, perhaps, cuddled up in a heap, with her loose hair falling about her face, pouting and sobbing over some poor two-penny ballad, such as no other child ever thought of sobbing over. The *Babes in the Wood*, *Chevy Chase*, and little *King Pepin*, lay side by side, not only in the drawer, but in the heart of Edith Cummin ; with an abridgment of *Josephus*, a part of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, and the sermons of *Cotton Mather*—a very celebrated man at home. She had a thousand childish ways with her ; innocent, simple ways, which there was no speaking seriously about, absurd as many of them were ; a sprightly, sincere temper, without one atom of art or affectation. She had a knack, too, quite her own, of bringing the water into your eyes, and a smile about your mouth, at the same time ; and always (which was the charm, after all) without intending it, or knowing it, or even caring for it, if she did know it. She loved romping ; ‘*that* she did ;’ and would go without her dinner any time for a good long race with her cousin *Watty's* large dog under the elm-trees. She would also amuse herself with a few hearty tumbles, all alone—head over heels—in the long fresh grass, or the newly-mown hay, before the rich clover blossoms were dead.”

The sensations of Walter and Jonathan, at the time when war seemed to impend over the colonies, are given in an animated style.



"Strange whispers were abroad ; wars and rumours of war : the whole of New-England was up ; and Walter, anticipating the crisis, began to talk mysteriously about going to seek his fortune. His father was alarmed ; he could neither eat nor sleep ; and symptoms of his old affliction had begun to show themselves in the occasional twitching of his haggard features. The noise of preparation, the voices of a warlike people, mustering with a heavy tread over all the land, grew louder and louder every day—every hour—every minute. Artillery was heard in the solid earth ; trumpets blowing in the mountains ; the noise of battle overhead—every where ; subterranean music ; the neighing of horses ; and a wild, solemn harmony in the sea breeze, night after night, by serious, venerable men who are yet alive, and, if required by the unbeliever, will swear to it.

"Meanwhile the neighbourhood were all up in arms about poor Jonathan Peters. He had no peace of his life night or day. He was beset on every side ; again, very quietly waylaid as before, and watched more narrowly than ever, but without noise or stir : so that he had nothing to complain of, nobody to quarrel with. Look out when he would from his wretched log hut, which he slept in because no other man could sleep in it,—a place abandoned of all the world, a habitation fit only for the wild beast or obscene bird, a miserable hiding-place, for which there was no owner,—look out from it when he would, he was pretty sure to encounter a pair or two of eyes, and hear disagreeable noises, for which he was not wholly prepared, in the dead solitude which he had chosen, as it were, in derision of the terrible stories that men told of it. The eyes of a she-bear—a fox—or a wild cat now and then, he could have borne patiently ; or the crackling of branches overhead, indicating the portentous movement of an old panther following him, in the tree tops, and waiting her opportunity for a leap as he wandered in the great

wood ; or the sharp rustling of the dry leaves, through which he might be wading, half-leg deep, on a warm day, causing him to catch his breath and spring aside, lest he might set his lifted foot upon the loitering copper-head, or the coiled rattle-snake ; or the trooping of wolves, pack after pack, trotting by his very door, in the dead of night, or coursing their prey silently through the great wood, like shadows, at full speed, hour after hour. All these things he might have borne. He was prepared for them ; and had, with a plenty of powder and ball, a tomahawk or two, a good rifle, and a woodman's large knife ; a stout heart, a strong arm, a quick eye, and a deadly aim, for their comfort and his own ; but he was not prepared for—he never would be prepared for—the indecent, active, annoying, eternal, desperate curiosity of the people about him."

Another character in the novel is drawn in striking colours.—"The Bald Eagle was from one of the southern tribes—the warrior Creeks—the brown Apollos of the wilderness. He had been taken captive, when a youth, by a hunting party of the Mohawks—the most formidable of the northern tribes ; the terror, in fact (such was their warlike temper, their fierce, adventurous, unappeasable appetite for dominion,) the terror, alike, of every body—white and red—all over North America. He had run the gauntlet, with six other captives. Four of them sunk, under the blows ; two faltered on the way ; but he ran it, without flinching or failing—perhaps without winking—at a speed, and with a sort of audacious valour, that amazed the enemy. He was adopted by a Mohawk woman ; a mother, whose only child had been cut off by the relations of Eagle.

"Our Eagle was rather small—not more than five feet six or seven ; but straight as an arrow. His carriage was that of the indolent young Greek, as we see it in statuary ; the head rather forward ; arms free, toes turned in. Such was the general

bearing of Bald Eagle ; but, in council, or on coming near a white man of authority, he would uprear himself to his topmost elevation, as if measuring stature with all about him.

“ His common pace, when he had any object in view, was a kind of loose, long, lazy trot—like that of the wolf, through a light snow. It is a step with which a North-American savage will go, day after day, at the rate of about five miles an hour.

“ At the age of two-and-forty there was not a wrinkle to be found in the face of Bald Eagle ; nor was there any appearance of muscle or sinew in his frame. His whole body was round, smooth, and effeminate. His limbs were daintily made, the joints finely articulated, and his feet remarkably small ; yet, though fashioned so delicately, built up so slightly, there was no man able to stand before him at a wrestling match.

“ His general behaviour was that of a loitering, weak, indolent peaceable creature, whom any body might overlook, or affront, with safety. But, once fully awake, there was no lulling or appeasing the miraculous instinct of the savage. He was capable of enduring incredible fatigue, and was called by the southern tribes, to whom he went repeatedly, as a messenger, from the northern, *Arkappoo-too*—the spirit ; or, literally, the man without a body—*All-heart*. His little keen, sharp, shining eyes were like those of the large black snake—the boa-constrictor of North America : his cheek-bones were high ; his forehead low, narrow and flat—or square ; mouth handsome, broad, and expressive ; teeth uncommonly large—of a startling whiteness, when abruptly, or unexpectedly disclosed ; nostrils wide and vigorous ; nose rather flat ; hair coarse, black and shining, like the mane of a young stallion, roughened, if you will, in the blaze and smoke of battle—or scorched by unholy fires. It was carefully parted from the middle of his head—all the way over—and hung behind, somewhat after the fashion of the squaws, in a large, heavy club.

“ See him when or where you might, unless in the hunting season, or at a time of war, and he was always idling about, before somebody’s great kitchen fire, half asleep, or, under some great old overgrown tree, twisting the tendons of a newly slain deer, for his bow, or splitting them into threads ; polishing white-bone fish-hooks and arrow-heads ; playing with checkers ; or staining slips of ash and willow, for basket work ; feathering arrows ; or working colored beads, and brilliantly dyed porcupine quills, into his bullet pouch, mocasins, or belt.

“ His carriage, dress, and appearance, were pretty much of a piece—at all times—under all circumstances—winter and summer. If he were not lying before the fire, with his dog, or under a tree, he would be lounging about, with a negligent, graceful swing of his whole body, surrounded by a troop of children, a large, loose, dirty blanket ready to fall off, at every step, from his fine square shoulders ; yet, so disposed, nevertheless—with a slovenly, brave air—as to show a sort of scarlet uniform underneath, encumbered with absurd ornaments—large plates of silver, rough medals, wampum, a knife, and a pipe or two—all ringing and rattling together, at every motion of his body.

“ It was amusing enough to see how patiently—how unconcernedly—he would bear the impertinent, annoying, examination of the white people. No matter what was done, or offered ; especially by the children ; they might strip him naked ; or turn him inside out, in a good-natured way—it was all the same to our savage if they would ‘ only let him rifle be.’ ”

The death-song of the chieftain will also form a favorable specimen of this interesting novel.

“ The brave Indian was happy. He lifted his head, smiled, pointed away off to the sea,—grew pale,—recovered,—shook,—prayed our hero to lift him up, with his back to the tree, and his face to the sun ; after which, a low murmur, like that of a



rising, heavy breeze, began to issue from his dead lips, growing clearer and clearer, louder and louder, with every breath, till it became the sweet savage harmony of his tribe—the warrior chant for the grave—the song of death ; while he sat moving his head patiently to and fro, playing with the dead leaves about him, and gathering them with his two hands, till there was enough to bury him, heaped up, within his reach.

“ ‘ I am going—I am going ! ’ said he, in his own beautiful, rich language, with a measured irregular cadence. ‘ I am going where the great fire never goes out, where the waters are cool as the waters of the rock, and the bright fish are plentiful as the stars in winter. I am going where the white woman that loved me, and the boy that I begat in the day of my youth, are waiting for me. I am going ! my enemies are there, and they see me ; their warriors know me, and they hide their faces. I am going ! The deer peep out of the wood, the buffaloes take to the plain, and the beavers dive into the water—for they know me. I am going ! The brave that are there rise up to call me ; the women come laughing to meet me ; and the little papooses tumble about in the long warm grass. The black snake and the copperhead have gone to the old rock heaps ; the teeth of the rattle are broken. I am going, loaded with beaver and scalps ; more numerous are they, than the dry red leaves that rustle and blow about me, and far redder with the blood of our foe. I am going ! I am going ! covered with manes of horses, alive with the eyes of cattle I’ve taken. Follow her ! follow her ! strong one—follow her to the place, where the great fire comes up out of the sea. I am going ! I am going ! but her trail is on the dew—her blood upon the grass. Follow her ! follow her ! she has poisoned your blood, poor boy ! poured leprosy into your heart. My dog—he is gone. Bald Eagle is going ! where ? to the white woman—to the place where she keeps our boy. You are no

longer a white heart. I have heard of your valor. With my knife at your throat have I tried it. Red heart, for ever ! call to him ! call to him, there ! I am going ! I am going ! My mother—she beckons to me ; there in the trees. My wife, too, behold her ! the wolf-dog is baying. Thou to thy journey, red heart ! ’

“ Whither ! whither ! in the name of God, whither ! Eagle raised himself up—he was already speechless—turned his dead eyes to the east ; lifted his arm ; and Walter understood him as well as if he had spoken. The fell instinct of the savage made him shudder for the witch. Anon, the body shook all over, the mouth quivered, the large bony arm fell upon the solid rock, and the jaw dropped—while he was looking at our boy, who would not understand the look, or turn away, or leave him, though the right arm of the red man lay without motion, quiet as the grave—the small hand, wide open, just where it fell, pointing to the east ; all the fingers apart ; and his dim eyes peremptory as death. He was only waiting for the boy to set forth on the errand of blood ; for that only—to tear himself away from the tabernacle of wasted flesh, and go with him. But Walter stood motionless before him, refusing to move, till he could resist the supplication of his terrible eyes no longer. Then, he rolled him up in his blanket ; placing his knife, tobacco-pipe, and silver-mounted tomahawk within it ; crossing his arms over them, athwart, upon the bosom, to which they instantly sprang, and adhered, as if they were made of steel. His large eyes were beginning to be obscured by a scarlet film ; yet they followed every motion of our hero, as if they understood and approved it. Then, Walter lifted him up in his arms, wondering at the lightness of his body—it was like that of a little child—and carried him up to the very top of the hill ; and laid him on a high, level rock—in a free wind—over the great sea—as far beyond

the reach of the wild beasts, and as far from the bad earth, as he could ; after which, dropping on his knees, and putting his mouth to the bony forehead, convulsively, he attempted to touch the dead eyes, and press down the lids. They were already

stiff, and would not remain shut, after the pressure was off. He could not bear the look of the quenched eyes, their steadiness—he could not. He fell upon the body ; and the chill of it struck to his heart, like the north wind."

#### FRENCH POST HORSES.

**A**T first sight the generality of the French posters look as unlike anything to go as possible, but it is surprising what a pace they get on with—that is, if you pay the postillions. The shortness of the stages (which seldom exceed from five to eight miles), however, conduces to this, as it is not probable they could keep it up for any length of time. Still if you examine them closely you will find several good points: their legs and feet (though the latter are rather flat) are strong and close jointed ; they have strong muscular thighs, and capital backs, ribs and loins, and a small head well set on. Their bad points are their quarters, which are heavy and cross made ; and their shoulders and necks are also very heavy, which is much increased by their being kept stallions. They have a good deal of substance in a little space, and the best of them (mind ye we speak of the best) bear a good deal of resemblance to the English cart-cob. They are principally half-bred Norman horses ; the prevalent colour is a sort of strawberry roan, but all the best shaped ones that have come under our own inspection have been greys.

It would be of infinite service if the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he takes off the remainder of the leather tax, would confer it on the Frenchmen. They burthen their poor horses with such loads of leather and wood, as it seems quite sufficient for them to carry their trappings without the addition of drawing a carriage.

In the *Livre de Poste*, there is the following Ordinance : " Le poids

d'une selle avec ses étriers, y compris les menus effets que peuvent contenir les sacoches, est fixé à 20 kil. ou 40 livres. Toute selle qui excéderait ce poids étant dangereuse pour les chevaux, les maitres de poste sont autorisés à ne pas permettre que les courriers s'en servent." We wonder what Hell-fire Dick at Hounslow would have said if he had been told his saddle was not to weigh more than 40lbs.

In speaking of paying the postillions, forty sous per *poste* is the usual thing, but if you wish to get on quick you must give them ten sous per *poste* extra, when they will go any pace you please. They have a slang term on this point which we were some time before we found out, were fly, or up to. Each postillion, before he starts, asks the one you have just paid, "*Combien du Chevaux ?*" and if he answers "*quar*," it is the signal he is paid well, and to "*aller bon train*;" but if he gives any other reply you may depend upon five miles an hour. Sometimes, indeed, when *Monsieur le Postillon* is excessively well pleased, he will say instead of *quart* (or four), "as many as you please;" then indeed his successors do splutter, and crack, and shuffle through the next stage at a most tremendous pace, and you accomplish the *poste* in about half the time you might otherwise expect. They are the oddest drivers (except a Hottentot eighteen-in-hand fellow) you possibly can conceive. A few lessons on coupling up, &c. would be of considerable utility. We observe they invariably choose the worst part of



the road, and always pass on the wrong side; and if there happens to be a channel crossing the pavement, instead of pulling up, they charge it as if they were going at Whissendine brook, to the imminent danger of wheels, springs, &c. We being somewhat hasty in our temper, have given them many a hearty curse for it, but they will have their own way. Indeed it is to be presumed that they have some connexion or acquaintance with the wheelwright in the next town, and see no just cause or impediment why he should not have a share of *Milor Anglais*' spare cash as well as themselves. Notwithstanding the apparent want of command over their horses, we have often admired how they will drive to an inch, and also the way in which the Paris carters train their horses to back the great long French carts into the "*portes cochers*" in that city. They have also a very good method of unyoking the leaders of the team, and fastening them to the hinder part of the wagon in going down hill, which relieves the shaft horses wonderfully. The leaders must of course be provided with breechings for this purpose; and we would recommend our wagoners to try the experiment, particularly the heavy west country wagons, the weight of which on the shaft horses in going down hill is very great.

The generality of the French horses are very bad indeed, and the shuffling, shambling sort of pace they teach them, makes them worse than they are. The large Norman breed however, with their arched necks and Roman physiognomy, make very grand looking carriage horses, and we should think a cross of them

with the English blood horse would make good cavalry horses. The small Normans make good hacks, but the best breed for that purpose is the favourite one of Napoleon, the Limousin mares crossed with Arab stallions. We have a little horse of this breed in our possession who has carried us for eight years, and done the work that few horses would have stood so long: and sorry are we to find that he is beginning to fail, as for temper and usefulness he will not easily be replaced. In Paris the Mecklenburg horse is in great request.

They are not bad looking tits, and have a good deal of action, but those we have mounted were sadly deficient in bottom. When we have sported our figure upon one of them in the Champs Elysées, we have cut a great dash on our entrance, but a couple of turns up to the barrier at a smartish canter has brought down their mettle with a vengeance, so that neither the tightened curb nor "the left heel insidiously applied" could restore the bucephalus strut which was so superabundant at our *sortie* from La Place Louis Quinze.

English horses are justly the most thought of in France, but they are extravagantly dear, particularly the showy blood tribe with spider shanks and swish tails.

We were glad to see that in many places the postillions had cashiered their tremendous boots and mounted a pair of moderate jacks; and dare say that it is not absolutely impossible that they some centuries hence may come within a hundred miles of the neat and appropriate turn out of an English post boy and horses.

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## VARIETIES.

### THE INFANT LYRA.

**I**F only half that is related of this interesting child, apparently about five years of age, be true, she is indeed a prodigy. We are told that,

when in her nurse's arms, at nine months old, a song or tune excited rapture—rapture moderated by exquisite attention—in her infant bosom: that soon afterwards she would

detect the omission or misplacing of a note in running down the gamut ; that at sixteen months old she could sing every tune which she had an opportunity of hearing ; and that, at eighteen months, she could perfectly distinguish between a major and a minor key. Her earliest predilection was for the harp ; and, about fifteen months ago, she played at the Rotunda concerts, in Dublin, before she weighed twenty pounds, and when she was unable to climb the chair on which she sat to perform. Her ear is quick, correct, precise ; and, according to the present mode of her exhibition—four times a day, playing about ten tunes each time—she goes over more than two hundred pages of music every day. By memory alone, she is said to play upwards of six hundred pages. Further, it is said, that about four months after she had begun to perform on the harp, she composed two or three original airs, in chords, with three or four transitions from one key to another, returning back to her first key, according to the strictest rules ; also that, whenever she hears a tune, she puts basses to it according to the most regular laws of music.

We have had the pleasure of hearing this extraordinary child ; and we confess that we were surprised at the force, the firmness, and the delicacy of her touch ; and yet more with the varied expression of her performance. Her eyes, her arms, her whole person, are the very organs of enthusiasm. Her figure is slight, her countenance dark and archly expressive. We should fear that the exertion—the mere physical exertion—of exhibiting four times a-day, would soon prove too much for her infant frame. At present, however, she appears lively, active, intelligent, and in the enjoyment of good health. Her performances are most numerous and fashionably attended.

MRS. JORDAN.

This celebrated actress, like many others who have reached professional eminence, began her career with

the York company, in 1782. She arrived from Dublin with her mother, brother, and sister, and solicited, with great humility an engagement at a moderate salary. The charm of her speaking voice, the languor and dejection of her person, excited the attention of the manager, and she spoke for him a few lines of *Calista*, the *Fair Penitent*, which let him know something of the highly gifted woman before him. The audience viewed her with astonishment and delight, and to exhibit herself with the full charm of contrast, after dying as *Calista*, in a few minutes she frolicked on again in a frock and little mob-cap, to sing the song of the "*Greenwood Laddie*," and poured out that liquid melody, which through life no ear could resist.—She appeared the first night in town with no particular éclat :—one critic thought her vulgar, another conceived that she might do in *Filch* in the *Beggars' Opera*, but denied any great comic requisites. The actress pursued her course, and before the end of the season she had a train of fashionables on her nights, such as had before never assembled their carriages together, but on the performances of the tragic wonder—Mrs. Siddons.

ELLISTON

Made his first appearance at the Haymarket, from the Bath theatre, in the character of Octavian. It was in substance the Octavian of Kemble, some of the subtler spirits flown off, and the loss compensated by the ardour of youth and a voice of very unusual power ; manly beyond the age and figure of the actor. No young man ever exhibited higher promise ; but Elliston, at the very first was as high in the art as he could reach.

MATTHEWS.

What Charles carried away with him from the town into the country, was little beyond the love of mimicry. Incledon told Mr Boaden he found him in Ireland, in the most distressing state that could be imagined.



"It strikes me," says Mr. B., "that Matthews actually formed himself, in a great degree, on the model of the eccentric Tate Wilkinson. On Coleman's first night, he acted the meagre Jabal, in Cumberland's Jew, and followed it by Lingo, in the Agreeable Surprise. Matthews was a nervous man, and, like the class, too much in a hurry to get rid of what he felt embarrassing; but there was enough drollery in his manner, to render him at first a diverting, and soon a favourite actor.

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KEAN.

This performer first excited attention by his Shylock, in 1814; but his Richard III. acquired immediately, and retained, the highest rank in his achievements. When Mr. Kemble had seen him, he said to Mr. Boaden, "Our styles of acting are so totally different, that you must not expect me to *like* that of Mr. Kean; but one thing I must say in his favour,—he is at all times terribly in earnest."

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THE TROUBADOUR;

*Catalogue of Pictures, and Historical Sketches. By L. E. L. Author of "The Improvisatrice."*

Miss Landon has again appeared in poetry. All critics seem to have agreed to treat this lady with the gallantry due to her sex, and we shall not break the custom. But in truth she does not need such protection—for this poem of the Troubadour is really so beautiful and graceful, as to demand our applause as a right, not as a compliment. She has much improved not only the easy flow of her verse, but in the still more difficult art of management of her story. But as our readers have, we are sure, ere this read the poem, we shall hold ourselves excused from doing the peculiarly dull office of telling an already told tale. The conclusion, where she alludes to some circumstances personally respecting herself, is very engaging, and occasionally pathetic. We shall extract the passage where she describes the conception of her second poem. She had just told us

that she had composed her first, the Improvisatrice, "on a summer hill," and had felt great delight at its unexpected reception, and the general incense bestowed upon it. And now

"Back to the summer hill again,  
When first I thought upon this strain,  
And music rose upon the air,  
I look'd below, and, gather'd there,  
Rode soldiers with their breast-plates  
glancing,

Helmets and snow-white feathers dancing,  
And trumpets at whose martial sound  
Prouder the war-horse trod the ground,  
And waved their flag with many a name  
Of battles and each battle fame.

And as I marked the gallant line  
Pass through the green lane's serpentine,  
And as I saw the boughs give way  
Before the crimson pennons' play;  
To other days my fancy went,  
Call'd up the stirring tournament,  
The dark-eyed maiden who for years  
Kept the vows seal'd by parting tears,  
While he who owned her plighted hand  
Was fighting in the Holy Land.  
The youthful knight with his gay crest,  
His ladye's scarf upon a breast  
Whose truth was kept, come life, come  
death,—

Alas! has modern love such faith?  
I thought how in the moon-lit hour  
The minstrel hymn'd his maiden's bower,  
His helm and sword changed for the lute  
And one sweet song to urge his suit.  
Floated around the moated hall,  
And donjon keep, and frowning wall;  
I saw the marshal'd hosts advance,  
I gazed on banner, brand, and lance;  
The murmur of a low song came  
Bearing one only worshipp'd name;  
And my next song, I said, should be  
A tale of gone-by chivalry."

The minor poems subjoined to the Troubadour are very pretty. One, the subject of which is Hannibal's Vow, is particularly striking. Miss L. bids fairly to be an ornament of our poetry.

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FEMALE TALKATIVENESS.

The celebrated Buxtorf, in his Hebrew Lexicon, informs us that the name of our first mother "*Eve*," is derived from a word which signifies "to talk." Upon this derivation, and the original meaning of this word, the Rabbinical writers have constructed the following fable.

"On a certain occasion, there fell from heaven twelve large baskets, filled in a manner similar to Pandora's box, but with very different ma-

terials. They did not, like her's, contain bodily diseases, but an affliction of another species. They were stored with '*chit-chat*.' Upon their descent, a general scramble took place between the two sexes who inhabited the earth, but the ladies being more active, were more successful than the men, and picked up *nine* of them, which they instantly secured, and, with sacrilegious care, transmitted to their female descendants."

#### FINE ENGRAVING.

An exceedingly curious, tasteful, and highly-finished little engraving on steel, by Williamson, has appeared. Within an oval of two inches and an eighth, by one inch and a quarter, is a representation of the crucifixion—three crosses—with the dove, the triangular emblem, &c. The wonder of the picture, however, is a legible engraving of the Lord's Prayer in the centre of a halo, only one-eighth of an inch in diameter, over the head of Christ! In the lower compartment of a richly-ornamented square border, is seen the Last Supper; Faith, Hope, and Charity appearing on the sides and top.

#### THE DELUGE.

The Sandwich Islanders have a vague belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, and a future state of rewards and punishments—in good and bad spirits—in the influence of the moon—in the portents of dreams, &c. Their tradition of a universal deluge is as follows:—

"A certain man, many thousand moons ago, was fishing in the sea, and by some curious fatality caught the Spirit of the waters upon his hook, and dragged him, to his great astonishment, out of the living element. The consequences of this rash act were destructive to the whole country, the spirit having declared in his anger, that he would cause a general deluge; yet, in pity to the unintentional author of the misfortune, he allowed him to escape with his wife to the summit of Mounah-roah, the mountain in Owhyhee, where he

remained till after the deluge had subsided, and was thus preserved."

#### PHŒBE HESSEL.

The father of Phœbe Hessel was a drummer in the king's service; he took Phœbe with him to Flanders at an early age, where her mother dying, the father disguised the child as a boy, and taught her the fife; in the practice of which she acquired a great proficiency, so as to be admitted into the regiment, where, after a length of time, (for what reason is not stated,) she became of the ranks, and in battle received a wound, in dressing of which the surgeon discovered her sex, and she was invalided on a small pension.

The following is a copy of the inscription placed on the tombstone of Phœbe Hessel:

In memory of  
PHŒBE HESSEL,  
Who was born at Stepney, in the year 1713.  
She served, for many years,  
As a Private Soldier in the 5th Regiment of  
Foot,  
In different parts of Europe,  
And in the year 1745, fought under the command  
Of the Duke of Cumberland,  
At the battle of Fontenoy,  
Where she received a Bayonet Wound in  
her arm.  
Her long life, which commenced in the  
Reign of Queen Anne, extended to George  
the Fourth,  
By whose munificence she received  
Comfort and support in her latter years.  
She died at Brighton, where she had long  
resided,  
December 12th 1821,  
Aged 108 years—  
And lies buried here.

#### COVERING FOR HOUSES, &c.

After a roof is shingled or thatched, take hot pitch, and, as you put it on, mix fine sand with it, as much as it will take in; the pitch being laid on hot, will fill every crevice, and the sand upon it will form a cement. Should one coat appear not sufficient, a second may be laid on; but experience has shown that one coat, well laid on, will keep the roof secure against beating rains, or drifting snows, for years.